SEPTEMBER 10, 1984

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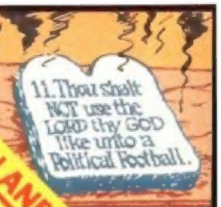
TIME

MAKING BABIES

The New Science of Conception

RELIGION AND POLITICS

Campaign 84's Unholy Issue



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Action

Mustang GT. The action comes from nothing less than a full 5.0 liters of High Output V-8 power. And a 5-speed gearbox that knows exactly what to do with 245 lb.-ft. of torque and 175 horsepower.* There's a reputation at stake here.

becomes

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Feel it for yourself. Drive Mustang GT. Because action, and reaction, speak louder than words.

*Based on SAE specification J1349.

Have you driven a Ford... lately?

Ford

Mustang GT

SEPTEMBER 10, 1984

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Vol. 124 No. 11

COVER: New ways of making babies are bringing joy and problems

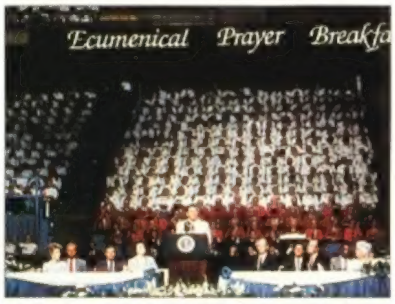
46

Since the birth of the first test-tube baby six years ago, clinics offering new techniques for mating human eggs with sperm, often outside the body, have sprung up around the world. Although these methods are helping the growing number of infertile couples have children, they are creating some of the most profound legal and ethical dilemmas of our time. *See* MEDICINE.

NATION: The separation of church and state becomes a campaign issue

8

Walter Mondale challenges President Reagan for mixing God with politics. ▸ Refusing to "let his hair down," Mondale hits the road with an "issues" campaign. ▸ Jesse Jackson "embraces" the Democratic ticket. ▸ A B-1 bomber goes down in the desert, but the program will keep flying. ▸ A year after the Soviets shot down KAL Flight 007, conspiracy theories abound.



WORLD: Duarte's first 100 days are filled with toil, trouble and hope

22

El Salvador's new President labors to tame the death squads, rejuvenate the army and rescue the staggering economy. A forbidding agenda, but the consensus so far, at home and abroad, is that he is off to a promising start. ▸ Weeks after the votes are counted, Israel finally gets a government—or does it? ▸ Poland's Solidarity fights on. ▸ An Afghan village fights back.

COVER:
Illustration by Carol Gillot

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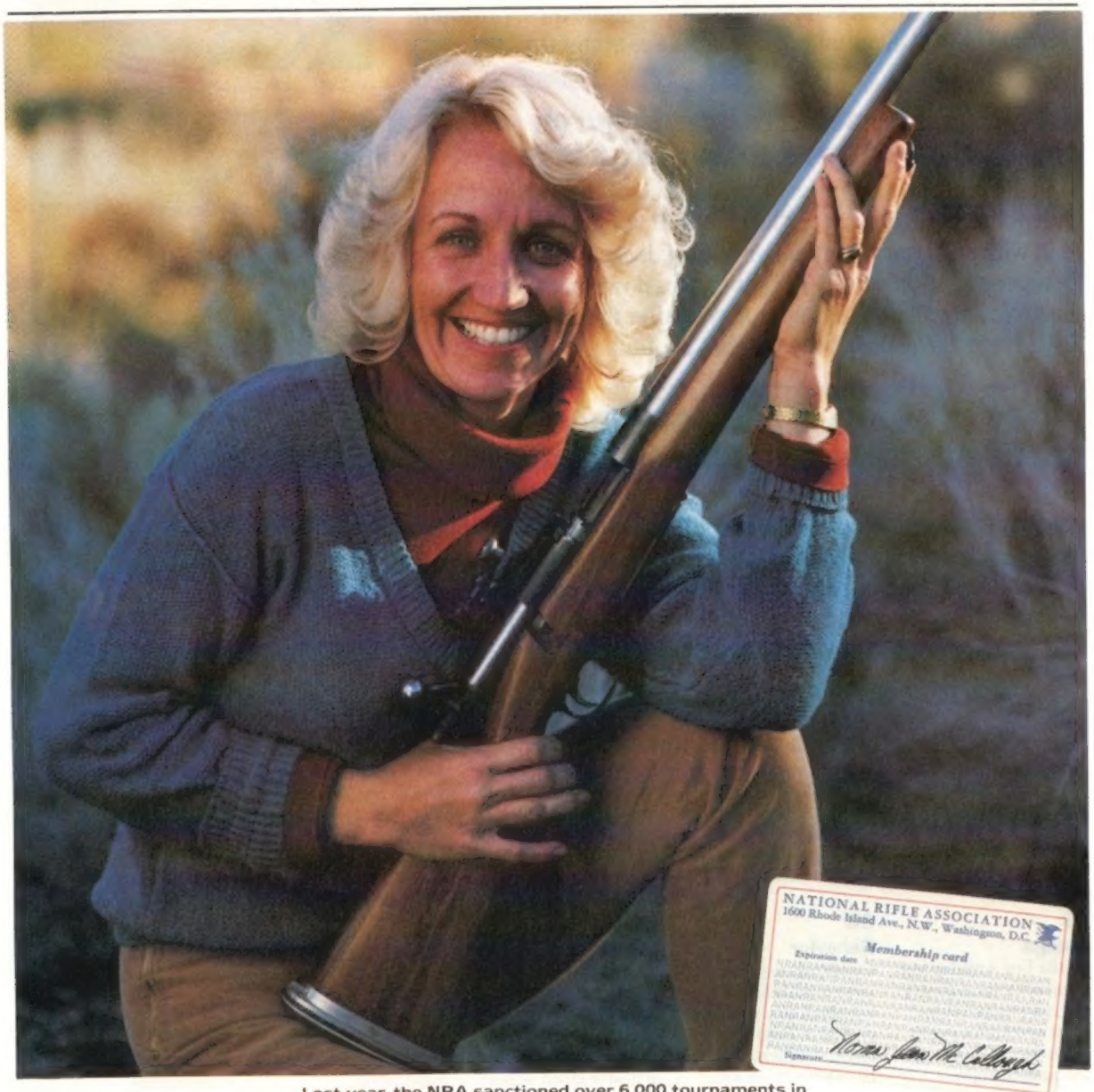
NOMA McCOLLOUGH: Wife, mother and High Power Shooting Champion.
Two-time National Women's Champion and
the first woman to ever win the 1000 yard Wimbledon Championship.
Member of the National Rifle Association.

"Most people are surprised when I tell them I still shoot for fun. But it's true. I find competitive shooting very relaxing and personally satisfying.

"Ever since I started winning some big matches and competing equally with men, I hear many women say 'You only weigh 100 pounds! If you can do it, so can I.' And I tell them they don't have to be champions to win at shooting. A person can win at trying. Practicing, getting better and enjoying yourself are the real rewards.

"I'm a member of the NRA and so is my husband. They do so much to support competition and protect shooting programs. And thanks to the NRA, I'll continue to compete and my children will grow up with the same opportunity to enjoy the sport."

I'm the NRA.



Last year, the NRA sanctioned over 6,000 tournaments in 24 shooting disciplines involving more than 100,000 men and women. If you would like to join the NRA and want more information about our programs and benefits, write Harlon Carter, Executive Vice President, P.O. Box 37484, Dept. NM-27, Washington, D.C. 20013.

Paid for by the members of the National Rifle Association of America.

A Letter from the Publisher

True or false: The civil rights movement got under way in 1955 when Rosa Parks refused to surrender her seat to a white person on a Birmingham, Ala., bus. Who wrote the syndicated column "My Day"? a) Walter Lippmann. b) Eleanor Roosevelt. c) Dorothy Thompson. In *Reds,* Warren Beatty played which early American Communist? No, trivia buffs, these questions are not from the latest edition of That Game. They are from an even more challenging and very popular contest based on TIME and created with the help of a number of its staff members. Now nearly a year old, TIME The Game has sold more than 400,000 copies in stores.

ANTONIO SUAREZ

Some of TIME The Game's creators try their skills

The irresistible diversion is the brainchild of Games Designer Alan Charles. Last year Charles and then TIME Business Manager Arthur Sachs, who has since become circulation director for Canada, came up with a concept that would capitalize on the growing popularity of trivia quizzes, TV shows and games. But, says Charles, "Ours is an information game, not a trivia game."

TIME The Game is for two or more players and has a board, dice, cards and markers. It also features books of questions drawn from each of the magazine's seven decades, divided into three ascending levels of difficulty and point value—true-false, multiple choice and short answer—and six categories: people, places, events, sports, arts and world.

The herculean task of providing all those questions fell to TIME Deputy Copy Chief Shirley Zimmerman, later joined by PEOPLE Magazine Reporter Martha Babcock. Recalls Zimmerman: "I was asked to do 'a few' questions. A few turned out to be 8,000, with only three months to complete the assignment. I dragooned several TIME colleagues into helping out, including Copyreaders Emily Mitchell, Maria Paul, Megan Rutherford and Amelia Weiss, and Proofreaders Gloria Jacobs and Joan Warner. Each put together several hundred queries. We tried them out on one another, and we could hardly have a conversation without someone interrupting, 'Hey, that would make a great question!' " TIME Reporter-Researcher Linda Young and Elliot Ravetz were among those who, in TIME's venerable tradition, checked out all 8,000 questions. The result is an entertaining contest that Trivia-Game Strategist–Author Jeff Rovin calls "the most sophisticated of all the trivia games."

In case you are not up on your trivia or your TIME, the answers to the questions above are: False (it was Montgomery, not Birmingham); b. Eleanor Roosevelt; John Reed.

John a. Meyer

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Xtracabs, one of the big reasons the 1984 new generation Toyota trucks have turned the truck world upside down, with the most advanced trucks ever built!

You never saw so much room inside a Toyota truck, featuring personal cargo space behind the seats with a removeable shelf over it. It'll hold anything from tool boxes to water skis. And how's this for comfort — Xtracabs have the most leg room of any small truck in America! More head and shoulder room than ever, and more room to get in and out. Plus extraordinary comfort, whether you're in the reclining bucket seats or the new, optional seven-way adjustable driver's sport seat.

You can have the Xtracab the way you want it: 5-speed manual transmission is standard, Toyota's innovative 4-speed automatic overdrive is available, and power windows and cruise control are, too. How's this for an option on the Xtracab SR5: AM/FM/MPX radio with electronic tuning, cassette and 7-band graphic equalizer.

The Xtracab's exciting new aerodynamic wedge shape has flared fenders with new, flush surfaces on the larger front and side windows, making for reduced wind and road noise, and good looks.

Big Xtracabs. Typical of the big things happening in the 1984 Toyota trucks.

MOST ADVANCED TRUCKS EVER BUILT!

OH WHAT A FEELING!

TOYOTA

THE NEW TOYOTA XTRACAB TRUCK. XTRA ROOM, XTRA COMFORT, XTRA WORK SPACE. XTRA IN EVERY WAY.

Letters

Super Sears

To the Editors:

Your article on Sears [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, Aug. 20] was fantastic. The company has earned the trust of my grandfather, my father and me. No matter where I go, I know Sears will always be there and will have what I need.

James A. Letton
Wichita, Kans.

Forget the Japanese challenge. Quality goods, reasonable prices, relentless attention to the customer, and a rock-solid guarantee are Sears' secrets of success.

Barry J. Stiefel
San Francisco

In 1965 I bought a Sears tool kit for my first car. One of the screwdrivers broke when I used it for a job it was not meant to do. I sheepishly returned the item and to my amazement was given a new one. Since then, I have spent thousands of dollars at Sears. If my wife reads this, I need a ¾-h.p. router. She knows where to buy it.

Jerome Atwood
Los Gatos, Calif.

Fourteen years ago, I received a Sears TV as a gift. The set is still going strong and has never been repaired. Although I am only 25, I am wondering which will last longer, my TV or me?

Robert Carlo Jr.
Bristol, Conn.

After weeks of watching the Olympics, it was great to see Cheryl Tiegs just sitting there with the Sears catalog, not a muscle showing.

Peg Canode Coolidge
Hudson, Ill.

Sears may be "sizzling with new vitality," but until it solves its problems of understocking, poor telephone-order service and mediocre help, I rate it "lukewarm."

Richard B. Matt
Ocean City, N.J.

When we went to purchase a new washer and dryer, the Sears salesperson was more interested in selling an expensive service contract than in explaining the machines. The 50 baby chicks ordered in April have not yet arrived; there is no trace of the order except on our bill. Last summer it took more than six weeks to get a part for our Sears riding mower. Perhaps a little less attention to investments, real estate and insurance and more attention to value and service will help Sears continue its success.

Chuck and Lyn McCluskey
Bellingham, Wash.

You say Sears' largest store is in Troy, N.Y. Unfortunately, I cannot find it on my tax roll. The city of Troy would love to have its very own Sears, not to mention the property tax the outlet would pay.

Barbara J. Flynn
City Treasurer
Troy, N.Y.

Taxes from the second largest Sears store go to Troy, Mich. TIME *erred.*

I can vouch for the fact that "Sears gets letters asking advice on almost any human problem." In the early 1920s, I worked in the correspondence department. Many letters addressed to "Mrs. Sears" sought her opinion about clothes. Men wrote for help with farming problems, and one man even asked for a wife.

Earl D. Reese
Palo Alto, Calif.

As long ago as 1925, Sears Executive Robert Wood saw that the automobile would alter our way of life. He began locating Sears stores away from city centers and provided large parking lots. This led to a revolution in retailing and influenced the economic decline of central cities.

Stanley Shipnes
Northport, Mich.

I put myself through college by working for Sears part time for nearly five years. My time with Sears was pleasant, productive and educational. A feeling of teamwork always prevailed. The company's treatment of its employees lies behind much of its continuing success.

David G. Burton Jr.
Orlando, Fla.

Olympic Afterglow

Shucks, the Games are over [OLYMPICS, Aug. 20]. For two wonderful weeks the world seemed to be a nicer place in which to live.

Frank Nygaard
Sherwood, Ore.

All the misguided cynics cannot diminish the pride that we Americans have received from the Games.

Don Young
Grand Rapids

The U.S. earned a gold medal for itself in the Olympics. The Games were magic in action.

Sophia Sampson
Athens

It is about time someone discovered that fencing is more than a few slashes. Instead of showing two hours of sweaty women running a marathon, television broadcasters should have shown a few minutes of fencing.

Ellie Rust
Chesterfield, Mo.

The photograph of Mary Decker's fall is a moving statement about a superb athlete. The picture and the person are both world class.

Thilo Steinschulte
Alexandria, La.

The Olympics need the Mary Deckers of this world far more than the grandstanding winners. The woman is more awesome in disappointment than in the triumph of her astounding successes.

Ian C. MacMillan
Tenafly, N.J.

Mary Decker may be a fine athlete, but she is not an admirable competitor. A good competitor would accept a loss without blaming anyone.

Carol Mikesh
Lakewood, Colo.

The same Olympic crowd that made me feel so patriotic at the opening of the Games made me ashamed when it booed Zola Budd.

Judith N. Thelen
Cumberland, Md.

With the exception of Joan Benoit's victory in the marathon, all the gold medals won by the U.S. in track and field were captured by black Americans. This feat is testimony that talent combined with motivation and opportunity can prevail against enormous odds. Nevertheless, as a black American I feel we must constantly remind young blacks that regardless of the achievements of Valerie Briscoe-Hooks and Carl Lewis, sport is an extracurricular activity. To abandon academics in favor of sports is as risky as betting the house rent on the lottery.

David L. Evans, Senior Admissions Officer
Harvard-Radcliffe
Cambridge, Mass.

Gift PACs

I was stunned to find myself listed as having received $300,000 this year from political action committees (PACs) [NATION, Aug. 20]. When listing the names and campaign receipts of certain candidates for Congress, you mistakenly identified total campaign contributions as PAC money. In fact, PAC contributions in my case have been less than 15% of the total

contributions this year, and past campaign experience has placed me among the "little guys" when judging PAC recipients.

Bill Green, U.S. Representative
18th District, New York
Washington, D.C.

Congressman Green is correct; TIME's *chart was wrong. Top recipients of PAC contributions for January-June 1984:*

Senate Candidates
Paul Simon, D., Ill., $387,892
Charles Percy, R., Ill., $368,024
Jim Hunt, D., N.C., $321,038
Thad Cochran, R., Miss., $310,213
Phil Gramm, R., Texas, $301,856
House Candidates
James Jones, D., Okla., $216,599
Tom Foglietta, D., Pa., $151,970
John Dingell, D., Miss., $129,750
Joseph Addabbo, D., N.Y., $127,530
Gerald Kleczka, D., Wis., $123,547

Fighting Kurds

Thanks for writing something—anything—about the Kurds [WORLD, Aug. 13]. I would have been even happier if you had emphasized that Kurds fight like men and have never engaged in terrorism. They simply defend their own, and for that they deserve credit.

Paul Kordestani
Maryland Heights, Mo.

Leningrad Troubles

As a Leningrad native, I was amused to read "Tips for Travelers" (NATION, Aug. 20). Your photography shows not the world-famous Hermitage but quite a different building, the General Staff Headquarters, which has a historical value of its own. At the same time, you should know that apart from being truly beautiful, Leningrad is a very hospitable city, and the harassment the foreign tourists are allegedly subjected to is something that does not really exist.

Vladimir V. Shustov
Deputy Permanent Representative
of the U.S.S.R. to the United Nations
New York City

Hong Kong's Fate

By hammering out a deal with Britain on the future of Hong Kong (WORLD, Aug. 13), China has regained its self-respect and finally rid itself of colonialism.

Monroe Leung
Beverly Hills

Before the British sign a treaty to convert Hong Kong into an "autonomous special administrative zone" under Chinese suzerainty, someone in the Foreign Office should study Tibet's tragic history.

Teresa Sullivan
Los Angeles

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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TIME/SEPTEMBER 10, 1984

For God and Country

An emotional issue arises: Where is the wall between religion and politics?

CAMPAIGN 84

Walter Mondale came to Dallas for that most prosaic of political events, a campaign fund-raising dinner, and he had intended to talk about a drab, unemotional subject—the problems facing small businesses. But he tossed away his prepared speech. As he rambled on last Monday night, he found himself turning his campaign talk into a rather passionate tutorial on religion and liberty. "The founding fathers spelled it out in great detail," he said, when it came to writing the First Amendment. "What they spelled out is the separation of church and state." Suddenly the 800 well-to-do Texans erupted with applause, then, still clapping, stood up. The candidate knew he had struck a resounding chord.

"Now why did the framers do that?" continued Mondale. "Because they saw in Europe that every time you let the politicians interfere with religious faith, it was poison and it destroyed its integrity and independence, and that politicians were always posturing and interfering . . ." Thus the founders of the Republic decided that "religion would be *here* and was between ourselves and our God, and the politicians would be over *there*—and we'd never get the two mixed up . . . In America, faith is personal and honest and uncorrupted by political interference." As the crowd leaped up to applaud once again, Mondale added a kind of secular amen: "May it always be that way."

The Democrat's extemporaneous exegesis was unusual, but it did not come out of the blue. Just four days earlier in Dallas at a prayer breakfast, President Reagan had declared that politics and religion were inseparable. He charged that opponents of organized prayer in public schools "are intolerant of religion," that "morality's foundation is religion" and that "without God, democracy will not and cannot long endure." The President got a response at least as enthusiastic as Mondale's. The emotion on both sides reveals a fundamental disagreement in U.S. society over the role that religious beliefs should play in public life.

Religion has become a principal theme of the presidential campaign. Indeed, the prominence and the complexity of religious issues may now be greater than in any previous election. At stake on one level are a set of tough, specific public policy matters with a clear religious dimension: abortion, public school prayer, tax credits for parents of private school students. The debate has also raised more abstract questions: Just how should faith inform public policymaking? Should clergy involve themselves and their congregations directly in politics? To what extent should religious beliefs be thrust into the campaign?

The debate has only just begun. Mondale, seeing the extraordinary reaction his Dallas remarks aroused, decided that the issue should be pursued carefully. "There are few things in American life that are more personal, more emotion-laden," he explained at a press conference Wednesday. "It should only be addressed with great care, and with great clarity." Mondale plans to do just that this Thursday in Washington, elaborating on his vision of American religious pluralism to a convention of B'nai B'rith, the Jewish service organization, and to the National Baptist

Convention. Indeed, he and his staff believe that the broad issue might become one of the most important in the election. "This has been building for some time," says Campaign Manager Robert Beckel. "The Republican Convention and Reagan's statements about religion kind of crystallized a lot of thinking. I think it is coming to the surface very quickly."

The relationship between church and state has always been a big issue, of course. The American colonists were often refugees from religious intolerance, come to establish their own homogeneous religious communities. The distinction between civil and ecclesiastical rule was blurry. Yet by 1791, the Enlightenment had taken hold and the American theocratic impulse had cooled: the Constitution's First Amendment mandated that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." What Thomas Jefferson called the "wall of separation between church and state," however, has been understood by most Americans to be broader than the simple, constitutional hands-off requirement. By informal consensus, the separation has been regarded as more of a two-way affair, with undue incursions of organized religion into politics also limited.

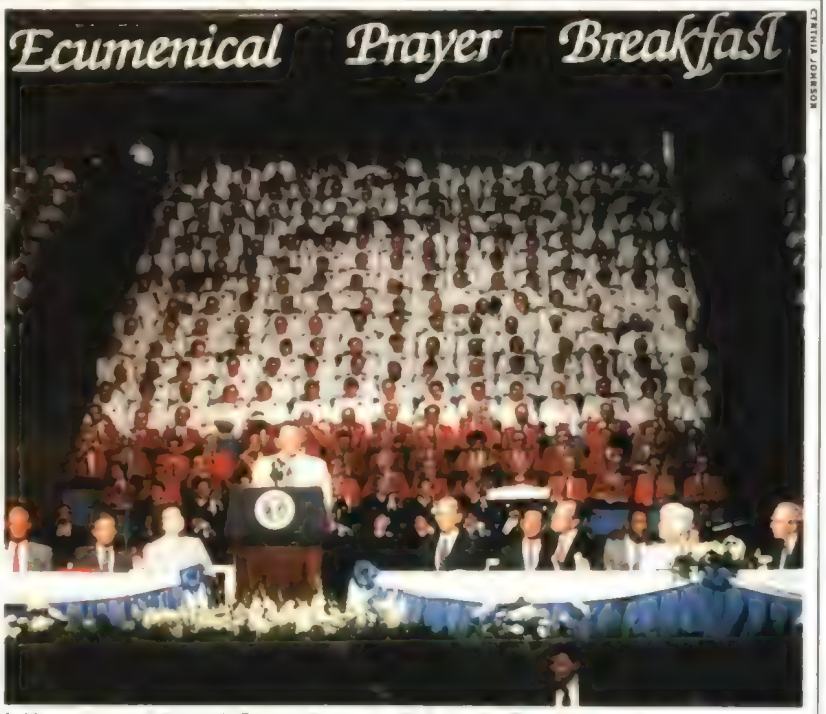
During the 1884 presidential campaign, for instance, a Protestant minister's anti-Catholic slur on Democrats ("the party whose antecedents have been rum, Romanism and rebellion") caused a backlash that almost surely gave Democrat Grover Cleveland the election. In 1960 religious bias was still strong. To become the first Roman Catholic President, John Kennedy had to persuade many voters that he was not a pawn of the Vatican.

Reagan's 1980 candidacy in some measure benefited from a spiritual surge, a reaction against the secularization of society and the supposed breakdown of morality that was thought to be its consequence. An important element of Reagan's coalition has been the Religious Right, made up of conservative evangelicals and fundamentalists who joined with New Right political activists on such issues as abortion and school prayer. In recent years, politics has assumed a more religious cast and religion a political tint, partly because of Reagan's masterly use of the presidency's bully pulpit.

The overlap of religious and secular

BILL FITZ-PATRICK

Mondale leaving church in Minneapolis



CYNTHIA JOHNSON

In his controversial speech, Reagan declared religion and politics inseparable

realms has lately become more complex. Last year the country's Roman Catholic bishops entered the debate over arms strategy, effectively endorsing the concept of a nuclear freeze. The Supreme Court last spring heartened the Religious Right, led by Moral Majority Founder Jerry Falwell, when it ruled that a municipal crèche in Pawtucket, R.I., was not in violation of the First Amendment. And in his singular campaign for the Democratic nomination, Jesse Jackson, a Baptist minister, skillfully used black churches and religious rhetoric.

The ante was upped this summer. Religion became an offensive weapon. Almost as soon as she was named to the Democratic ticket, Geraldine Ferraro, asked about her Roman Catholicism, replied with a suggestion that the President's aura of piety amounted to political hypocrisy. "The President walks around calling himself a good Christian," she said, "but I don't believe it for one minute, because [his] policies are so terribly unfair." New York Governor Mario Cuomo, a devout Catholic, got into a media debate with New York Archbishop John J. O'Connor over abortion. Then came the Republican Convention in Dallas, where the assertiveness of the Religious Right, and its power in the Republican Party, was shown in full force.

The President's prayer breakfast speech in Dallas added new intensity to the debate. Reagan began with what is essentially a truism: "I believe that faith and religion play a critical role in the political life of our nation and always have." But then he made a series of assertions that were arguable and, to many, objectionable. Because of Supreme Court rulings since 1962, he claimed, "our children are not allowed voluntary prayer." In fact, no judicial fiat prevents any individual schoolchild from praying in voluntary fashion, nor could it. Reagan, however, went further: "Today there are those who are fighting to make sure voluntary prayer is not returned to the classroom . . . those who are attacking religion claim they are doing it in the name of tolerance . . . Isn't the real truth that they are intolerant of religion?"

Newspaper editorials from the New York *Times* ("dangerous, divisive mixing of religion and politics") to North Carolina's Raleigh *News and Observer* ("profoundly insulting" and "self-righteous") denounced the address. For Reagan to declare that opposition to school prayer is an intolerant attack on religion, says Howard Squadron, president emeritus of the American Jewish Congress, "is utter nonsense. Tolerance means allowing religions to go their own way, without Government interfering. To argue otherwise is *Alice in Wonderland*." The Lutheran Council in the U.S.A., like most mainline Christian denominations and Jewish groups, is against organized school prayer. "We are not intolerant of religion," said Charles Bergstrom, a council officer. "We just don't want the President involved in our prayers." Such opponents fear, quite rightly, that children from a religious minority—a Jew or Muslim, say—would be pressured into joining a Christian class prayer. Nor are the libertarians assuaged by freshly invented "nondenominational" prayers that have been tried by some schools.

Bergstrom and others objected to Reagan's assertion that "morality's foundation is religion." Said the Lutheran leader: "Even Scripture admits the morality of nonbelievers." Forest Montgomery, an official of the moderate National Association of Evangelicals, also faulted the President's closed equation of religion with righteousness. "I sympathize with the nonbelievers on that one. There are some very fine atheists."

The debate over the role of religion in politics is clearest when it involves a specific matter of public policy. The most contentious issue is Government tolerance of, and financing for, abortions. On a personal plane, abortion is a moral and religious decision. Politically, pressure continues for a constitutional amendment outlawing abortions, and the G.O.P. platform went so far as to suggest that opposition to abortion should be required of prospective judges. The debate also involves whether those with deeply held views against abortion should feel compelled to oppose policies and politicians more tolerant of it. "I don't see how a Catholic in good conscience can vote for a candidate who explicitly supports abortion," said Archbishop O'Connor in June. Governor Cuomo, who opposes a ban on abortion, was angry at the Archbishop's political intrusion. The two men have since come to a consensus on the separation of church and state, even as they agree to disagree about abortion law. "The Catholic Church will not tell people what party, what politician to vote for," says Cuomo. "They will teach us, and should teach us, what they think about abortion." Yet a fundamental, more personal question lingers, unresolved: Cuomo, Ferraro and others argue that their private disapproval of abortion has no necessary bearing on their public, political attitudes.

Questions about the role of religion in politics also occur on a level more abstract than the to-and-fro over particular legislative issues. By allying himself with the Religious Right and its tendency toward a self-righteous zeal, President Reagan can seem, at times, to be appropriating godliness itself for his party and Administration. Last week Columnist Mike Royko joked bitterly about the tendency. "They've managed to convince a large segment of the population that God is a conservative Republican."

For example, Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt, Reagan's best friend on Capitol Hill and chairman of his re-election committee, signed a campaign letter sent in July to 80,000 Fundamentalist Christian ministers, encouraging them to register congregants and endorse Reagan. The overtly religious language and pitch have become controversial. "Dear Christian Leader," the letter began. "President Reagan, as you know, has made an unwavering commitment to the traditional values which I know you share. In addition, he has, on several occasions, articulated his own spiritual convictions. As leaders under God's authority, we cannot afford to resign ourselves to idle [political] neutrality . . ." The letter enraged conservative Columnist William Safire. "That political proselytizing is surely so unethical as to be un-American," he wrote last week. Safire also fumed about the "Fundamentalist intolerance" he found at the Dallas convention, and declared that "no President . . . has done more to marshal the political clout of these evangelicals than Ronald Reagan—to his historic discredit." William F. Buckley Jr., however, in a column last week, defended the President. Wrote Buckley: "Reagan is certainly attempting to attract the vote of those who believe they are being unfairly persecuted by the secularists, and why shouldn't he?"

That "persecuted" wing of the Republican Party is ascendant. Falwell's Moral Majority, now almost uniformly pro-Reagan in its politics, claims 6.5 million members (up from 1 million in 1980) and plans to register 2 million new voters this year. The New Right's stark political fervor makes it powerful beyond its numbers alone. "They may not be a majority of the electorate," says Falwell, "but they are major enough to determine who gets elected."

Maybe, maybe not. Governor Charles Robb of Virginia, a moderate conservative, recently urged Mondale to raise the issue of Reagan's affinities for the Religious Right. To make his point, Robb said that Falwell, a constituent, is "the most unpopular person in the state." In addition, there may be strains between the President and his strict Fundamentalist friends. Cal Thomas, vice president of Moral Majority and a syndicated columnist, has expressed a few qualms about Reagan's private life. Thomas wrote last week that the President should spend more time with his family ("He never sees his grandchildren"), give more money to charity ("He gives less than Mondale"), and go to church more often than every few months.

As a great campaign debate looms, the risks are substantial for the two candidates and for the country. Reagan may have misread a national hunger for moral and spiritual uplift as a desire for a specific religious regimen. Mondale could be hurt if he is perceived as insensitive to religious yearnings. In either case, new religious tensions could be stirred.

Like many Americans, Reagan has a religious sense that lacks much formal institutional grounding, but nonetheless seems earnest and powerful. Mondale, the pious and principled son of a Methodist pastor, has a temperamental aversion to wearing his faith on his sleeve—but he apparently feels his faith deeply and knows what he believes. What is at issue, or should be, is neither the sincerity nor the righteousness of the two men's beliefs. Rather, the point is their basic difference in outlook, reflected within the electorate, over the proper role of religion in the political realm. If conducted on that level, the debate need not be ugly, and might even be edifying. "Everybody seems to agree that one cannot ultimately separate religion from politics," says Harvard Divinity School Professor Harvey Cox. "The question is how they are to be related in such a way that civility and respect for minorities are guaranteed and nurtured. I am confident that our society has a large capacity for this kind of discourse." —*By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Hays Gorey/Washington and Christopher Ogden/Dallas, with other bureaus*

Proponents of prayer in school pray for success; insets, Archbishop O'Connor and Falwell

Said Falwell: "They are major enough to determine who gets elected."

From the Bunker To the Hill

Mondale sallies forth

CAMPAIGN '84

August was a sour month for the Democrats. The party's presidential ticket languished ten to 15 points behind the Republicans in the polls. Geraldine Ferraro parried reporters' persistent badgering about her finances. Jesse Jackson sulked and demanded more respect, and Walter Mondale for the most part remained holed up in his suburban bunker in North Oaks, Minn. This week the Democrats will try to shake off the ennui, as Mondale and Ferraro take off together on a five-city, four-day campaign swing, the first leg in a long and uphill march toward Election Day.

The activity comes none too soon. A delegation of 15 Democratic Governors pleaded with Mondale to loosen up and try to show the American people what a regular fellow he really is—to "let his hair down," as Maryland Governor Harry Hughes put it. Mondale, hair firmly in place, stiffly replied: "There is no question that a person has to communicate effectively. But this campaign is going to be won on the issues."

Mondale will portray Ronald Reagan as an extremist and a flaky showman while casting himself as a seasoned, responsible realist. He accuses the President of trying to "flim-flam the American people" and "skate by the election" without confronting hard questions like the federal deficit. Mondale expects to introduce part of his own budget plan this month, possibly including a pledge that new tax revenues would be used to reduce the deficit, not fund social programs.

Ferraro keeps smiling

Running Mate Ferraro, meanwhile, harped on the war-and-peace issue before large and enthusiastic crowds. As a mother, she said, she feared that a second Reagan Administration might send her son John, 20, off to war. She dismissed as specious a Philadelphia *Inquirer* story that a man later convicted of labor racketeering gave $700 to her congressional campaigns in 1980 and 1982. Nor did she seem burdened by the financial questions that still plague her husband, who was dismissed last week by a New York City court as the conservator of a woman's estate that he allegedly mishandled. A Harris poll released last week showed that 77% of voters were satisfied with Ferraro's handling of the controversy.

Mondale's aides insist that the issues—the deficit, the arms race, "fairness"—favor their man and that he understands better than the President the complexities of running the Government. "Public opinion is going to force the Reagan camp out of the photo-opportunity, nondebate strategy," says Mondale Campaign Manager Robert Beckel. "If Reagan will stop ducking and running, I think you'll see that style is overtaken by substance and that the American people are pretty smart." Last week the two camps agreed to at least one Mondale-Reagan debate, and possibly more.

Mondale has already made some progress on the deficit, convincing at least some voters that the federal debt crisis is so severe that taxes will have to be raised despite Reagan's promises to the contrary. The real question, he argues, is which candidate will raise taxes more fairly.

Most voters pay scant attention to presidential campaigns until after the formal kickoff on Labor Day. The Democrats must get voters excited because without a record turnout, Mondale has little chance. "We need 100 million or more people voting to win," says Party Chairman Charles Manatt. This would be a sizable jump from 86.5 million in 1980. The Democrats sound wishful when they tot up their prospective recruits: 5 million new voters, 5 million registered Democrats who did not vote in 1980, and—even more unlikely—4 million voters who cast ballots for Reagan last time. As a result of the endorsement of former Independent Candidate John Anderson last week, Mondale hopes to collect some of the 6 million votes Anderson won in 1980.

Even more daunting is the electoral map: the Democrats can count on carrying only about half a dozen states (Maryland, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Hawaii, West Virginia, Minnesota), and Mondale could be shut out west of the Mississippi. He hopes that Ferraro's appeal will give him a chance in trendy California, and polls show him running surprisingly close to Reagan in three Midwestern states—Iowa, Missouri and Wisconsin—where small farmers are suffering. But Mondale's shaky poll standing in two big swing states indicates the length of the odds against him:

▸ Michigan should be a prime target for the Democrats. It was ravaged more by the last recession than any other state in the country. Unemployment still stands at 11.3%. Yet, according to two surveys, Reagan is running slightly ahead and has a majority among white males. Explains a Mondale aide: "Our problem has more to do with Mondale's image and Reagan's esteem than with people making hard-and-fast decisions about who's best for the future."

▸ No Democrat has ever won the White House without carrying Texas. But Mondale still runs 20 points behind there. His lack of appeal was on display last week on a brief swing through Dallas. His talk to 300 small businessmen was so deadening that a local TV station reported that his performance proved that he had written off the Lone Star State.

The Democrats' assumption that the country is with them on the issues, and that Reagan is ahead only because of his personal appeal, remains to be tested. In the meantime, Mondale's campaign strategy requires voters to work, actually to study issues and think about them. Listening to Mondale is like reading a book, and a heavy one at that. Reagan's campaign of good feeling, on the other hand, can be watched like television, effortlessly. In the video age, that gives the President a distinct edge. ***—By Evan Thomas. Reported by Sam Allis/Washington and Jack E. White with Mondale***

DIANA WALKER

On the road again: the candidate speaks at the University of Illinois

A crucial preliminary: Mondale receives applause from Charles Rangel, Jesse Jackson, Coleman Young and Coretta Scott King

DIANA WALKER

A Long-Awaited "Embrace"

The nominee wins the support of blacks and Jesse Jackson

CAMPAIGN 84

They have long been among the most loyal elements in the Democratic coalition, and Walter Mondale has been one of their most respected allies. Yet black voters, like many of their leaders, have become increasingly resistant to the prospect that their support might be taken for granted. That was a basic theme of the Rev. Jesse Jackson's crusade in the Democratic primaries; by attracting three out of four black votes cast, he became, for better or worse, the black community's presumptive political broker. For Mondale, coming to terms with Jackson and other black leaders was a difficult but crucial preliminary to kicking off his formal campaign. The nominee did so after 50 black leaders spent almost eight hours last week debating the issue in a ballroom of the Twin Cities' St. Paul Hotel. Said Jackson when it was over: "We must leave this place and mobilize the people of our nation." Added a jubilant Mondale: "Thus endeth the reading of the Word."

Mondale spent more than two hours sitting at the ballroom's huge central table during the black leaders' debate. He watched expectantly as a motion to endorse him was introduced by Hazel Dukes, president of the N.A.A.C.P.'s New York State chapter. Former Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton proceeded to voice his lingering qualms about Mondale's refusal to support a specific funding level for a job-creation program. Suddenly dissension filled the room, with some participants loudly agreeing with Sutton's reservations and others demanding a vote.

Amid the turmoil, the ample figure of former Atlanta Mayor Maynard Jackson, an early supporter of Jesse Jackson (no relation), began to dominate the closed session. Recalls New York Congressman Charles Rangel, who chaired the meeting: "Maynard cross-examined Fritz. He did an eloquent Clarence Darrow job." Why, Jackson asked, was Mondale so reluctant to pledge a specific amount for jobs? Because, the candidate explained, he was committed to cutting the deficit by two-thirds and the austerity required might not permit a large federal work program. Did he have other ideas for addressing high black unemployment? Yes, replied Mondale. The lower interest rates brought on by falling deficits would stimulate overall employment, and he would expand programs calling for minority participation in federally financed projects.

A voice called out asking for the delayed vote to be taken. "All in favor of the motion say aye," intoned Rangel. Instantly, the room was filled with a shouted chorus of "Aye." Maynard Jackson leaped to his feet asking that the vote be made unanimous. As a beaming Mondale accepted congratulations, the group chanted, "We want Fritz!" Jesse Jackson, who had left the meeting earlier to make a nearby campaign appearance for Mondale, rejoined the group in time for its midnight press conference. "The course that the Mondale-Ferraro ticket represents is a course that we must pursue with enthusiasm and vigor," he declared.

The civil rights leader had withheld giving what he called a "signal" to his supporters in the weeks following the Democratic convention. He was convinced that blacks were not being given a role within the party establishment that was commensurate with their voting power. Predicting that blacks could account for 30% of the votes cast for Mondale in November, Jackson said, "For that level of involvement, one wants equity and not just jobs." In a flip remark he later apologized for, Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young, an early Mondale supporter, expressed a similar frustration about the Democratic campaign last month, calling the candidate's staff "smart-ass white boys who think they know it all."

In the euphoria of the St. Paul summit, Young conceded, "A lot of folk I thought were smart asses are a lot smarter than I thought they were." Jackson was more cautious, saying that his goal of "peer politics" for blacks within the party "is beginning to take place in ways that are mutually respectful." Translation: Mondale agreed to parts—but not all—of the so-called black agenda, which includes support for certain domestic and foreign policies as well as prominent roles for blacks in the Mondale organization.

Mondale announced the appointment of two blacks to high-level campaign posts. Maynard Jackson will serve as a senior counselor on policy matters. For the key job of directing voter-registration drives, Mondale rewarded a black who had supported him from the beginning of his candidacy: Detroit Mayor Coleman Young. The candidate also promised, if elected, to seek the advice of blacks on administering social programs.

Mondale further agreed to deliver a speech addressing foreign policy issues of concern to blacks. These were left unspecified, but the request raised the question of whether Jackson and other blacks were advocating a foreign policy agenda more radical than that of the party's. One clear priority is a strong condemnation of the Reagan policy toward South Africa; most blacks, and other Democratic activists, correctly believe that the Administration has done little to discourage Pretoria's apartheid practices. On other international issues, Jackson has broken not only with Administration positions but with those of his party's leadership. During his trips abroad, for example, he contended that U.S. blacks share a special rapport with revolutionaries in the Third World since both have been victims of colonial-

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style repression. Some party leaders fear that such a view could lead to a fundamental rift over foreign policy along racial lines.

Anticipating another field of concern, Mondale took pains to observe that one area of continuing disagreement between him and Jackson is U.S. policy toward the Middle East. The former Vice President thus signaled that he has no thought of accommodating the Palestinian sympathies frequently voiced by Jackson. Those opinions seem to be far from universal within the black community. Nearly all of the 21 members of the congressional black caucus, for example, have strongly pro-Israeli voting records.

Members of the St. Paul summit faced the challenge of settling their differences not only with Mondale but also among themselves. Despite Jackson's success in the primaries, many black voters and office holders have mixed feelings about accepting him as their pre-eminent power-broker. This division was apparent during the nomination race, when some black leaders felt obligated or eager to join his historic quest, while others chose to support Mondale. The eventual lineups left recriminations on both sides, especially in the South. In South Carolina, for example, black State Senate Candidate McKinley Washington Jr., a Mondale supporter, has complained that Jackson backers in his district, which is 54% black, threatened to sit out his race, possibly tipping it to his white primary opponent. In Mississippi, a new tier of black party leaders who were active on Jackson's behalf has criticized the former Vice President for continuing to deal only with Mondale supporters. Charged Greenville Attorney Charles Victor McTeer: "Mr. Mondale has been slow to recognize the new black leadership in the South."

Jackson's "embrace" of the Democratic ticket probably will not settle the questions about his future role as a black leader, but it is likely to heal for the moment the divisions within the party. "Most of us are big enough to look beyond schisms in the past and look toward defeating Reagan," said Alabama State Senator Michael Figures, a Jackson supporter. "Jesse's message helps Mondale immensely." In a Gallup poll released last week by the Joint Center for Political Studies, 88% of blacks said they would vote for Mondale.

"Reverend Jackson will be working closely with me," Mondale declared. "We will be campaigning together." Jackson promptly headed to Virginia, where he met with 13 Southern state party chairmen who told him he would be welcome to campaign in their region. Despite fears that Jackson could become a loose cannon, Mondale's aides clearly prefer the prospect of working along with Jackson to any alternative. *—By William R. Doerner. Reported by Sam Allis/Washington and Jack E. White with Mondale*

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Pay Heed to the Prairie

Hear the language of the prairie wind. The muffled groan of a forgotten and rusted windmill. The taut, thin cry of a young hawk at a thousand feet poised on invisible thermal crests. The worried whispers of hundreds of millions of stalks of corn, ear to fat ear, leaf on leaf. It all says more in ten minutes about beginnings and endings, about hopes and disappointments than Ronald Reagan and Walter Mondale have said in a year—a loud, loud year.

Angry shouts from Washington and Moscow, arguments between Republicans and Democrats, thunderous political conventions, ear-splitting Olympic extravaganzas, mines and missile attacks, noise and people and people making noise. The beaches are filled and the forests infiltrated, and even the high mountain passes have traffic jams of mobile homes. So come to the prairie and listen. Nobody goes there in August—except grasshoppers and God.

Strange how the pressures of the world seem to have cropped out in the center of the country. The fecund fields of Adair County, Iowa, yield more corn than anyone can sensibly conceive (5,308,000 bu. made up of at least 400 billion individual kernels, any one of which makes a good chew for a boy doing nothing but hiking in the sun and tasting the earth's power). That is corn coveted by the adversary, the Soviet Union. Corn that would feed the hungry of Bangladesh if they could only get it. Corn that is so abundant that much of it is packed away and

HUGH SIDEY

stored and sometimes rots. Corn that is crushing the very genius that produced it.

But beneath those miracle plants the precious mantle of topsoil is washing away, some 13 tons per acre every year. The experts say a tolerable limit is a five-ton loss. So if nothing more is done, in less than 50 years the great resource on which rests our national strength and confidence will begin to ebb. And we could lose more than that, says Lester Brown of the Worldwatch Institute in Washington. A thousand years ago, the Mayan civilization in the Guatemalan lowlands disappeared in a few decades after 17 centuries of development. Modern analysis found that this agriculture-intensive society collapsed when the topsoil ran out.

Pay heed, Reagan. High interest rates, which these folks link to the huge federal deficits, have brought bankruptcy to more farmers than at any other time since the Great Depression. Families, after generations on the same land, have given up and drifted off to the melancholy ranks of the rootless. Pay heed, Mondale. The last thing they need is another tax increase on top of real estate taxes, sales taxes, income taxes, Social Security taxes. And stores that long ago lost their merchants have filled up with Government offices where the personnel never seems to diminish, and their pay always seems to go up, never down like those who try to create the wealth and risk all they have and never go out on strike.

Out here on the prairies, they still communicate with the Soviets about growing food, and they wonder what is wrong with the big politicians that they cannot manage to talk about preventing nuclear disaster. International trade is for the moment a lot more important than school prayer and the ERA. The Pentagon's excesses and all the saber rattling around the world are a curse in a place whose whole reason for being is to enrich life every year with plowshares, whose profound joy is to bring sun and earth together and to nurture a golden bounty for all people, without which there can be no peace.

Listen to the prairie wind. Sometimes angry, but more often not. Mostly the harbinger of gentle though inevitable change, a soothing companion, a bearer of wisdom in the last days of August when God does his work alone.

Test Pilot Benefield in front of the B-1A that took him on his last ride

Crashing Through the Envelope

Over the Mojave Desert, a B-1 dives to a fiery end

The purpose of test flights is to flirt with what pilots call the outer edge of the envelope, to push a plane to the limits of its capability and see what it can do. That is what one of the prototypes of the sleek plane was attempting over the Mojave Desert near Edwards Air Force Base in California last week when it plunged to the ground in a fiery crash. It was the first serious accident in 418 test flights of B-1 prototypes since 1974.

Two of the crew survived, but T.D. ("Doug") Benefield, 55, the chief test pilot for Rockwell International Corp., which builds the B-1, died. Benefield, a 29-year veteran of skirting the outer edge, had a cigar-chomping confidence that put him in the Right Stuff league with Chuck Yeager. The prototype, known as the B-1A, was one of four built and one of two still flying.

Investigators say it will take a month to determine the cause of the crash. The plane was flying slowly at 3,000 ft. Officials say it may have banked sharply to avoid a military observation plane that was filming part of the test flight.

The B-1A was designed in the early 1970s as a successor to the B-52, which is now considered lumbering and vulnerable to sophisticated Soviet radar. Indeed, the chief attribute of the redesigned B-1B is that it can fly low to the ground, making it only one one-hundredth as detectable by radar as the B-52. As designed, the four-engine, needle-nosed B-1B is built to carry nuclear bombs and launch cruise missiles. It can fly long distances at high altitudes and supersonic speeds (750 m.p.h. or more). But once the plane nears enemy territory, it can dive down to an altitude of about 500 ft. and hop through enemy terrain toward its target. Its wings are mobile, sweeping back during high speeds but extending outward during landings and at low speeds to increase lift.

Despite these advantages, however, some on Capitol Hill balked at the projected price tag of $100 million per plane. Even before the first prototype of the B-1 flew in 1974, critics charged that the advent of cruise missiles had made manned bombers less important. In addition, cruise missiles capable of being launched from the B-52 extended the effectiveness of that 32-year-old bomber. In 1977 President Carter canceled the B-1 project. Reagan dramatically reversed Carter's decision in 1981 and hustled the B-1 into production. But now B-1 opponents have a new complaint: they claim the plane will soon be outdated by the Stealth bomber, with its new radar-evading technology and design, due to become operational in the early 1990s.

A divided Congress has tried to keep a rein on the B-1 by limiting the total purchase order to $20.5 billion in 1981 dollars for 100 aircraft. From fiscal 1982 through fiscal 1984, Congress budgeted more than $11 billion for 18 planes. For fiscal 1985, which begins Oct. 1, the Administration is requesting funding to buy 34 more.

The crackup of the prototype was embarrassing for the Administration, which has touted the program as a linchpin of its strategic modernization program. This week Secretary of the Air Force Verne Orr is scheduled to unveil the production model of the plane, B-1B, at Rockwell's Palmdale, Calif., assembly plant. The accident is not expected to slow the B-1 program. Said Democratic Congressman Thomas Downey of New York, a B-1 critic: "I don't think this crash will have any impact unless B-1s start falling out of the sky like hail." More critical to the continuation of the program will be the outcome of the November election: while Reagan strongly supports the B-1 program, Mondale has vowed to cancel it. ■

Winged Wonder

Unveiling a newborn fighter

At Grumman Aerospace Corp.'s test-flight complex on Long Island, a band struck up *The Stars and Stripes Forever*. Then, as 1,500 employees and dignitaries applauded, the curtain rose on the X-29A, the experimental plane that the Air Force hopes will spawn a new generation of fighters. "That's a beautiful model," said Vice President George Bush, on hand to honor the new plane, "but they've got the wings on backward."

No, the wings are on right; they are supposed to sweep forward. They are mounted at the tail end and pitched ahead at a 35° angle. The configuration increases lift, reduces drag, prevents stall outs, and allows the X-29A to turn on a dime at supersonic speeds. Just behind the cockpit are gill-like projections called canards, the French word for ducks. Indeed, the plane resembles a mallard in full flight.

During World War II, the Germans built an experimental Junkers JU-287 jet bomber with wings that raked sharply forward. The plane flew well in tests. But once the sound barrier was broken in 1947, the design presented a problem: forward-swept wings tore away from the fuselage at supersonic speeds, and strengthening the wings with steel or aluminum made the craft unacceptably heavy. Now, newly developed graphite-epoxy composites can produce a wing stronger than steel and up to 45% lighter. These materials form the skin of the X-29A's wings.

But the unique design makes the X-29A as skittish as a colt. "It's roughly like throwing an arrow backward," says Robert Roemer, head of the X-29A project for Grumman. "No human could handle the multitude of adjustments necessary to keep this bird in stable flight." So three computers do the work for the pilot, making 40 adjustments a second to the wings and canards to keep the plane from ripping apart. In effect, the pilot guides the plane by feeding directions into the computer. If all the computers were to fail, the X-29A would self-destruct in a mere two-tenths of a second.

The new X-29A

Bush's appearance last week at the X-29A's roll-out underscores the Pentagon's interest in high-tech fighters and the Administration's desire to publicize its military buildup in an election year. If successful, the plane, which will serve as a laboratory for new systems, will become a blueprint for fighter jets of the future. Says Robert Cooper, director of the Pentagon's Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency: "We decided we had to return to the days when we were willing to take major risks to make spectacular advances." ■

Fallout from Flight 007

Conspiracy theories persist about the downed Korean airliner

It has been exactly a year since a Soviet Su-15 jet fighter blasted Korean Air Lines Flight 007 out of the sky over Sakhalin Island, hurling 269 civilians to their deaths in the Sea of Japan. On the anniversary, the inevitable conspiracy theories are attracting worldwide, and often uncritical, attention, perhaps more than at any other time since the incident. Some of the allegations, contends Roy Godson, a U.S. intelligence expert at Washington's Georgetown University, are a result of "a massive, overt disinformation campaign" by the Soviet Union.

The theories vary and sometimes conflict, but all attempt to make U.S. officials share in the blame for the tragedy with the Soviet commanders who ordered the unarmed airliner to be destroyed. Some maintain that the Korean plane was on a U.S. spy mission, as the Soviets claim. Others charge that while the plane may have been inadvertently off course, U.S. military trackers saw it go astray, issued no warning and coldly exploited the situation to see how Soviet air-defense systems would react. Concerned over the notice such arguments were getting, the State Department held a briefing last week at which one official repeated to reporters: "These charges are totally false. The U.S. does not use civilian airliners for intelligence purposes, and there was no U.S. intelligence connection whatever with this plane, directly or indirectly."

Radio Moscow even went so far as to pick up and wildly distort an Italian newspaper interview with John Keppel, a retired State Department official, who had wondered about early reports that KAL 007 might have exploded some time after being hit by the Soviet missile. The Soviet broadcast twisted this into an allegation by Keppel that U.S. officials had ordered the plane blown up by remote control after the fighter attack so that its spy gear could never be recovered.

Another conspiracy theory was raised in an unusually speculative article in *Defence Attaché*, a generally respected London journal. An editor's note disclaimed agreement with the views of the author, who wrote under a pen name. The author's basic claim was that the KAL intrusion on Sept. 1 deliberately coincided with the Far East passes of both a U.S. spy satellite and the space shuttle *Challenger*. In his version, the airliner was sent over Soviet territory instead of a U.S. electronic-surveillance aircraft because U.S. officials believed that the Soviets would never shoot down a civilian aircraft. The U.S. plan, he suggests, was for the satellite and the shuttle to monitor Soviet responses to the airliner's intrusion. NASA officials insist that the shuttle was never close enough to receive aircraft radio transmissions from the 007 intrusion area and thus could not have had such a monitoring assignment.

A more elaborate theory was presented in the leftist U.S. magazine *The Nation*. Written by David Pearson, 31, a doctoral candidate in sociology at Yale University, the article argues that the KAL crew was unbelievably negligent if it went so far off course without realizing it, and that American experts who track aircraft and eavesdrop on radio transmissions from Alaska to the Far East were even more incredibly incompetent if they failed to spot the errant flight. He contends that these specialists must have been particularly alert since they were aware of preparations by the Soviets to test a new missile on Aug. 31 aimed at the Kamchatka Peninsula, where the airliner first flew over Soviet territory. "All electronic eyes and ears were directed toward the exact place," Pearson writes. "Far from slipping by unnoticed, KAL 007 had flown onto center stage."

Japanese police searching for debris of downed aircraft a year ago

Some of the doubts stem from "a massive, overt disinformation campaign."

No U.S. observer, however, sent word through civilian air controllers to warn the airliner of its dangerous course. To Pearson this suggests either a prearranged U.S.-Korean spy plot or a desire by U.S. officials to exploit an accidental intelligence-gathering opportunity. The State Department rebuttal is a categorical denial: "No agency of the U.S. Government even knew that the plane was off course and in difficulty until after it had been shot down. Only the Soviets knew where it was before it was shot down." Assistant Secretary of State Richard Burt contends that precisely because U.S. surveillance was directed toward the incoming Soviet missile, it could easily have missed the civilian airliner's deviant course.

So far, the only authoritative investigation into the disaster was that conducted by the International Civil Aviation Organization. It concluded that there was no evidence of the airliner being on an intelligence mission. It said that the 007 crew could have flown unknowingly off course either by committing a 10° error in programming its inertial navigation system or by erroneously setting the Boeing 747 on a steady magnetic compass heading of 246° (an investigative series in London's *Sunday Times* showed how this could happen if a switch were left in the wrong position, disengaging the inertial navigation system). In either case, the crew would have been inexplicably careless in not using other means to verify the plane's location.

Vermont Senator Patrick Leahy, a Democratic and often critical member of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, asserts that there was no intelligence bonanza to be gained from a KAL 007 overflight of Soviet territory. The U.S., Leahy points out, has far better techniques for testing Soviet radar defenses than by endangering civilians and, in fact, continually runs such tests. He says he has reviewed still classified information on the airliner shooting and, despite the suspicions of conspiracy advocates, finds nothing in it that would relieve the Soviets of their responsibility. —*By Ed Magnuson.*
Reported by Ross H. Munro/Washington

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"Dumping Garbage on Neighbors"

The EPA rejects a plea by three states to curb acid rain

"We don't intend to tolerate continued discrimination borne of eastbound winds and hidebound bureaucrats," declared Richard Thornburgh, the Republican Governor of Pennsylvania, in 1980. Thornburgh was referring to his demand that the federal Environmental Protection Agency stop other states from befouling Pennsylvania's air in violation of the 1970 Clean Air Act. New York and Maine joined Pennsylvania in petitioning the EPA to order seven states, mostly in the Midwest, to reduce sulfur-dioxide emissions that are carried eastward by prevailing winds and fall in the form of acid rain.

Last week the EPA finally responded. The agency said, in a proposed ruling that presumably will become final after a mandatory 30-day period for any public objections to be heard, that it intended to reject the petition. The ruling contends that the Clean Air Act can be invoked only against the interstate transmission of specific pollutants cited in the law and that acid rain is not one of them.

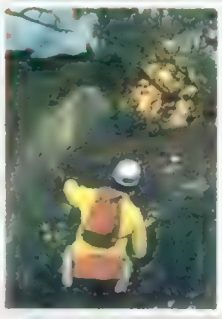
The agency argued that the scientific link between sources of sulfur dioxide and the impact of acid rain on the three states had not yet been demonstrated to its satisfaction. This reasoning is in line with the claim by EPA Administrator William Ruckelshaus that numerous studies (including one prepared for the White House) were not persuasive in concluding that this form of pollution actually causes the damage that has been observed in Northeastern forests and lakes. He has asked for yet more research before committing his agency to ordering the polluting states to reduce their sulfur-dioxide emissions substantially.

Officials of the suing states were distressed by the EPA position. Thornburgh suggested that it continued a pattern of "discriminatory enforcement." New York's Democratic Governor Mario Cuomo claimed that his state has "the most comprehensive program in the nation to reduce acid rain, but 90% of the acid rain killing our lakes originates in other states. The Administration is leaving us all but defenseless." As for Maine's Democratic Governor Joseph Brennan, he angrily accused the Administration of "saying, in effect, it's O.K. to dump your garbage on your neighbor's lawn." ■

Big-Sky Country Ablaze

"Our state is literally on fire," said Montana's Governor Ted Schwinden, who had only to look out the window of his office in Helena to see thick gray smoke billowing skyward last week from the Gates of the Mountains Wilderness Area, 20 miles from the state capital. Touched off by lightning strikes and whipped by winds that at times exceeded 50 m.p.h., flames devoured more than 220,000 acres of unusually dry timber and range lands, creating what is considered the worst conflagration in Montana since 1967. Some 5,000 fire fighters, including many from neighboring states, battled throughout the week, at a cost of $1 million a day, to bring 18 major fires under control. Supporting the fire fighters were 21 helicopters and 42 air tankers that sprayed water and fire-retardant chemicals from above. Despite the efforts, Schwinden observed, "you don't fight a fire like this. You simply get people out of the way and wait for the winds to die down." Late in the week the winds eased, and an inch of rain fell on the western portion of the state, allowing shallow trenches dug by fire fighters to halt the spread of ten of the fires.

Hardest hit was an area near the town of Roundup (pop. 2,119) in southeastern Montana, where 37 homes were destroyed by a blaze that began in the arid Bull Mountains,



LAURANCE AUPPY

Dousing with dirt

sending up columns of smoke that drifted into Billings, 30 miles to the south. "It sounded like a jet engine coming through," said Dana Lynam, 34, after a wall of flames attacked her house and melted nearby mobile homes and autos in minutes. Lynam and some 500 others throughout the state were evacuated in time to escape the flames.

At night the mountain blazes cast an eerie red glow in the sky to the north of Helena, reminding residents of one of the region's worst forest fires, the Mann Gulch fire of 1949, which cost the lives of 13 fire fighters. "It looks like someone dropped the Bomb somewhere," said one resident. There were no precise estimates of the value of destroyed property and timber, but the damage totaled millions of dollars. Near Libby, in the northwest corner of the state, 16 barns and other farm buildings were consumed by a blaze along Houghton Creek in the Kootenai National Forest. Miraculously, though, by week's end there were no reports of lives lost to the statewide inferno.

LINDSEY—GAMMA/LIAISON

GALLAZ—BLACK STAR

Fire rages uncontrolled through a forest near Helena

At ground level, trees are devoured by a wall of flame

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LAW ENFORCEMENT

Stinging the Sex Rings

Prostitution, besides being illegal and immoral, is expensive. To cut the aftertax cost of illicit sex in Chicago's suburbs, a firm called National Credit Service offered businessmen phony invoices that they could use to claim false tax deductions, as well as the privilege of credit-card payment. Lucrative though its business was, the firm closed up shop last week with the announcement that it had been an FBI sting. "We got everything we hoped for, and more," said Chicago FBI Special Agent Bob Long. Officials predict that the sting, dubbed Operation Safe Bet, could produce indictments of as many as 75 people, including nightclub owners, mid-level mobsters and police, once a grand jury sifts through hundreds of hours of taped conversations recorded by the FBI.

Chicago bar exposed by FBI

Operation Safe Bet got its start when National Credit's owner, pressed by racketeers for "street taxes," turned in fear to the FBI. Apparently the FBI did no soliciting and acted primarily as a middleman between call-girl rings and their customers, a less active role than the agency assumed in the drug sting of John De Lorean. Observed a happy FBI agent last week: "I don't think we'll have to worry about entrapment with this one."

SOCIAL SECURITY

Doubt of the Benefit

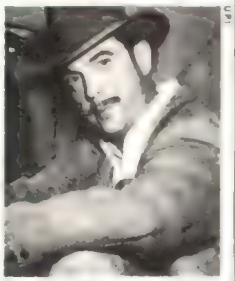
Under Social Security regulations, workers with serious injuries, like the loss of two limbs, seldom have difficulty proving that they are entitled to disability payments. For those with other problems, including some types of mental instability, the rules say benefits should be paid if a review shows that these individuals are unable to work. But the Reagan Administration failed to follow the rules, says New York's Attorney General Robert Abrams, who sued the Social Security Administration on behalf of 4,000 mentally ill New Yorkers who were lopped from the rolls, plus an estimated 55,000 whose applications were rejected. Abrams' argument: the Social Security Administration denied benefits to applicants whose disabilities were not included on its Listing of Impairments (such as schizophrenics whose symptoms respond to medication)—in effect abandoning the additional test of whether or not the individuals could work.

Abrams won in federal court last January and was upheld last week on appeal. The ruling will have impact far beyond New York State. In nationwide reviews that ended last April, the Administration cut off benefits to one-third of the 1.2 million disability cases examined; some 40% of those cut off had their benefits restored following appeals. Currently, about 10% of all cases filed in U.S. federal courts concern disability benefits.

TAXATION

Valuing a Favorite (Rich) Son

In the eight years since the death of Billionaire Howard Hughes, the state of Texas, where Hughes was born, has claimed him as a resident and dunned his estate for inheritance taxes and penalties of $100 million—despite the fact, acknowledged by Texas officials, that Hughes spent no more than 48 hours in the state after 1926. Disputing Texas' claim was California, where Hughes lived between 1925 and 1966, and where the inheritance-tax rate is 24%, compared with Texas' 16%. California coveted a possible tax bite of $180 million.


Hughes: Who collects?

After spending millions in legal fees and twice going to the Supreme Court, officials of both states last week announced they had joined with the estate to reach a compromise: Texas will receive $50 million; California, $44 million in cash plus a $75 million parcel of land near Los Angeles International Airport. Texas' Attorney General Jim Mattox boasted that the settlement would finance the state's annual cost of operating the agriculture department, the public utilities commission and the attorney general's office. Less ecstatic was Hughes' cousin William Lummis, who is administering the estate on behalf of 32 heirs. Said he: "I think they nicked us pretty good."

LAWMAKING

Veto of a Reagan Veto

After Congress passes a bill, the President has ten working days to veto it, says the Constitution. He can do so in two ways: 1) he can return the measure to Congress unsigned; or 2) if Congress has adjourned, he can do nothing, exercising the pocket veto. Unlike the normal veto, the pocket veto cannot be overridden by a two-thirds vote. President Reagan tried one last November. The measure in question was a bill declaring that there should be no military aid to El Salvador unless the President could report improvements in that nation's human rights record.

But last week the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia disallowed Reagan's pocket veto after hearing a suit brought by 33 House Democrats. Their argument: Congress had not adjourned, but was merely off on a break between sessions, and had designated the House clerk and the Senate secretary to receive any presidential missives. Unless the White House successfully appeals to the Supreme Court, the decision makes illegal, technically, the $64 million dispensed to El Salvador in military aid since Nov. 30 of last year.

JOURNALISM

Hail the Dog Days of Summer

In New York City, newsmen raced to keep up with the story of Archie, a dog beloved by Mayor Edward Koch that unexpectedly vanished for three days from the mayor's official residence—and was welcomed back at a city-hall news conference. In Washington, the national press corps reported that a White House cricket, which had disrupted Nancy Reagan's sleep, chirped no more.

The attention to such trivia was a sure sign that the nation was in the midst of that sultry vacationtime when people—and news events—wind down. Some editors claim that the modern news business resists the seasonal lassitude. But consider the Wichita *Eagle-Beacon*, which played on Page One a wire-service tale proclaiming that some 8,000 Americans are injured each year by toothpicks. Consider especially the Milwaukee *Journal*, which gave front-page display to the theft from a clothesline of 21 socks that were drying in the sun. And what of the 22nd? Tune in next August.


The White House infiltrator

EL SALVADOR

Darkness Before Dawn

In his first 100 days, Duarte finds setbacks, success and promise

From the Casa Presidencial in San Salvador, José Napoleón Duarte last week issued a decree creating a commission to investigate political killings committed by El Salvador's right-wing death squads. In a country where 50,000 people, 1 out of every 100 citizens, have died in political violence of one sort or another in the past five years, the news should have been greeted with sweeping enthusiasm. Instead, it was hardly greeted at all. The announcement was mentioned only briefly in the capital's three major newspapers and received no coverage on the country's three commercial television stations, all of which are owned by wealthy businessmen who oppose Duarte as being dangerously leftist.

The episode neatly illustrated both the power and the problems of the new President. Deprived of office by the military in 1972, then beaten by soldiers and banished to Venezuela for seven years, Duarte, 58, last June became El Salvador's first freely elected civilian President in more than 50 years. Since then, he has hurled himself into an agenda of nearly impossible tasks. He had to diminish the activities of the death squads, many of them linked to the military, in a country that lacked an effective judicial system to prosecute the murderers. He had to continue fighting a five-year-old civil war against leftist rebels and still assert his control over the sometimes recalcitrant armed forces. He had to rebuild the country's splintered economy and win the trust of businessmen, most of whom voted against him. As his five-year term began, the President seemed in imminent danger of being squeezed between left and right.

Considering the obstacles, Duarte has not done badly. As he completes his first 100 days in office this week, the consensus in both El Salvador and the U.S. is that he has taken positive steps on his country's long road to recovery. It is, of course, too early to tell whether he will ultimately succeed, but the initial judgment abroad and at home is that he has created the proper climate for democracy to bloom. "Duarte has picked up a great deal of support in Congress," says Democratic Congressman Dante Fascell of Florida, a frequent critic of U.S. aid to El Salvador. "People are anxious to give him a chance." Says Rolando Monterrosa Gutierrez, head of an export association in San Salvador: "People are optimistic." Duarte seems exhausted and exhilarated by his first months. "This is not a pleasant job," he told TIME, but then he added that it has brought him both "joy and frustration."

Duarte is especially proud of his success in curbing the death squads. In the three months since inauguration day, there have been about 450 killings, down from 630 during the previous three months. According to Roman Catholic Archbishop Arturo Rivera y Damas, fewer people "disappear" while in the custody of police and army officers, and relatives are being permitted to visit prisoners with increasing frequency.

The improving human rights record is partly the result of a shake-up in the country's security forces—the National Guard, National Police and Treasury Police—which have been considered the training ground for the death squads. After the chiefs of the three agencies were dismissed, Duarte ordered their successors to report to a newly named Vice Minister of Public Security. He also disbanded the Treasury Police's Section 2 patrols, which were supposed to gather intelligence but often moonlighted as murder crews.

The five-member commission Duarte established last week will review the procedures for finding and prosecuting death-squad suspects, then recommend changes. The President has sent the National Assembly a bill that would create

BOB NICHOLS/SABA

Duties of the office: the President attends the funeral of a girl killed by a death-squad bomb

an Institute for Criminal Investigation, composed of a detective unit and a forensic laboratory. He is eager to solve a number of especially offensive crimes, including the 1980 assassination of Archbishop Oscar Arnulfo Romero and the 1981 killings of two U.S. labor advisers. Though no deadlines have been set for the commission's report or the establishment of the institute, Duarte's actions should enhance his popularity with members of the U.S. Congress, who have sharply criticized the Salvadoran human rights record.

Duarte also deserves good grades for his handling of the military. He has taken his role as commander in chief seriously, visiting nearly all of the country's 18 major barracks and personally ordering the battalion attack that retook the Cerrón Grande dam after it was overrun by guerrillas last June. On the other hand, he has dealt gingerly with a high command accustomed to calling the shots on and off the battlefield. The President retained General Eugenio Vides Casanova, 46, a career officer, as Defense Minister, but surrounded him with astute colonels led by Colonel Adolfo Blandón, 45, the easy-going, bespectacled chief of staff. In all, Duarte has retired or reassigned about 4,500 officers in the 45,000-man force.

The military's effectiveness has risen, although much of the improvement began before Duarte took office. Under pressure from U.S. advisers, the army has stopped fighting the war on a 9-to-5 schedule, making forays into the countryside and returning to the barracks at sundown. Instead, commanders increasingly keep their patrols in the field for days on end. Salvadoran officers admit that not many guerrillas have been captured or killed in recent months, but they say that by keeping the country's troops on the move they are keeping rebels scattered. The army is also trying harder to woo the *campesinos* to their side, mostly by supplying food and repairing war-damaged roads and electrical lines.

Though there has not been a sustained rebel assault since January, Salvadoran military officers concede that the leftists may only be conserving strength for the annual fall offensive. At the moment, however, the guerrillas are not faring as well as they were a year ago. Recent bank and store robberies indicate that they are hurting for cash. The rebels have apparently run short of recruits: according to U.S. officials, at least 1,500 villagers have been kidnaped over the past six months to serve in the 10,000-member Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (F.M.L.N.), the main guerrilla group.

BOB NIEDELSBERG

On the move: Duarte, flanked by army advisers, arrives in Quezaltepeque . . .

BORNGER—SIPA SPECIAL FEATURES

. . . where he is quickly mobbed by villagers eager for a word or simply a touch

As a presidential candidate, Duarte pledged to negotiate a peaceful settlement of the war. Since the election, however, he has stressed his longtime insistence that any talks be limited to the rebels' participation in future elections, thus precluding all discussion of "power sharing." The President has also demanded that the insurgents first give up their weapons. Aware that the guerrillas fear they will be massacred if they lay down their arms, Duarte hopes to gain enough control over the security forces so that he can guarantee safety. If the rebels are sincere about peace, Duarte says, then they should take part in the Assembly elections scheduled for next March. "The only thing they have to do is say, 'Yes, we want to participate,' " says Duarte. "Then we will say, 'All right, let's sit down and see what we have to do.' It's as simple as that."

Perhaps Duarte's most tangible successes have been abroad. During the President's tour of Western Europe in July, West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl promised him nearly $18 million in aid for his country. During a stop in Washington after the European trip, Duarte proved so persuasive that Congress a few weeks later approved $70 million in military aid and $135 million in economic assistance for his country. By marshaling support from the U.S., Western Europe and democratic countries in Latin America, Duarte hopes to bolster his standing at home and to attract enough foreign aid to make his country's economy self-supporting by the end of his term in 1989.

That may be wishful thinking. By any measure El Salvador's economy is a shambles. Unemployment stands at 30%, inflation at 13%. Since 1978 the gross national product has fallen by 30%, retail sales by 44%. Meanwhile, the country's foreign debt more than doubled, from $334 million to $801 million by 1982. Faced with a shrinking tax base and a war that will consume approximately 23% of this year's $9.4 billion national budget, the government has resorted to printing more money, further weakening the battered colon. So far, however, Duarte has resisted devaluation, even though that step would help businessmen win higher prices for their exports. The reason: much of his electoral support comes from organized labor, which fears that a cheaper colon would drive up prices for the working class.

Nonetheless, Duarte seems to be winning the confidence of the business community. Once considered objectionably socialist on economic issues, the President has moved closer to the center. Planning Minister Fidel Chávez Mena has promised to consult business and labor in drawing up a recovery plan. In the atmosphere of stability produced by Duarte's election, entrepreneurs are opening new businesses again. Many businessmen still distrust

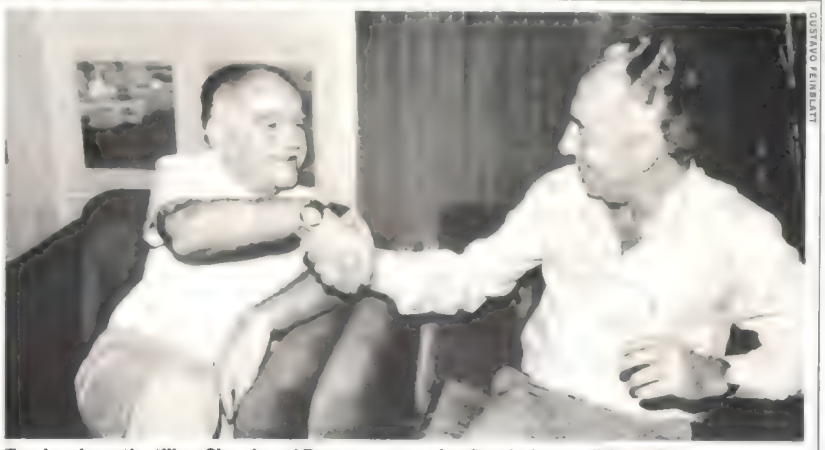
Duarte, but others are willing to give him a chance. "The President today has the respect he didn't have before," says Eduardo Menéndez, the head of a plastic-products company in the capital.

Duarte has been less successful in reaching an accommodation with the 60-member National Assembly, where his Christian Democrats, with 24 seats, lack a majority. To a certain extent, he has benefited from the low profile assumed by his archrival, Roberto d'Aubuisson, the cashiered army major whose Nationalist Republican Alliance (ARENA) holds 19 seats. Since D'Aubuisson visited the U.S. in June, he has dropped out of sight, reportedly to enter the shrimp fishing business. Perhaps unwisely, Duarte has neglected to woo Francisco José ("Chachi") Guerrero, leader of the moderately conservative National Conciliation Party. Guerrero commands 14 seats and would be a key figure in any Assembly coalition.

Sometimes, at the end of a typical twelve-hour workday, Duarte looks a decade older than his years. He seems especially weary after dealing with the usual parade of favor seekers, this one hoping for a job, that one requesting reprieve from a parking ticket. So popular is Duarte among the people that a Sunday open house at the Casa Presidencial in June drew a crowd of 3,000. The President, characteristically, insisted on posing for photos with each guest. When that proved too time consuming, he posed with them in pairs, then groups of ten, then delegations of several hundred. The photo session still took four hours, and Duarte stayed until all the visitors had been snapped.

Neither a smoker nor a drinker, Duarte has had scant time for his favorite sport of basketball. For exercise, he often takes a stroll after lunch around the presidential compound accompanied by his omnipresent bodyguards. "Nappo," as friends call him, dabbles at landscape painting, but he seeks relaxation mainly in talking politics with cronies or with Inés, his wife of 35 years. Sometimes he seeks out one of his six grown children for political advice: Alejandro, 33, is mayor of San Salvador, a job the elder Duarte held for six years.

Given El Salvador's violent past and forbidding present, Duarte may seem to be embarked on a quixotic, even dangerous venture. Aware of the challenges—and the physical risks, should he push the armed forces or the conservative oligarchy too far—the engineer turned politician nonetheless remains optimistic that he can build democracy and stability in a land that has known little of either. "Give me a chance," he said to a group of visitors last month. "It won't be easy, but don't be impatient. We will get there." *—By James Kelly. Reported by Ricardo Chavira and J.T. Johnson/San Salvador*



GUSTAVO FEINBLATT

Two hands on the tiller: Shamir and Peres greet each other during coalition talks

ISRAEL

A Truly Revolutionary Idea

Labor and Likud agree to rotate the prime ministership

At long last, two months after the final votes were counted in the national elections, Israelis learned who their next Prime Minister would be. Or did they? In three days of tough bargaining last week, Labor Party Leader Shimon Peres agreed to alternate as Prime Minister with the Likud bloc's Yitzhak Shamir in a national unity government. For nearly four weeks, Peres had been trying to build a coalition with Shamir, but the Likud chieftain refused to accept Peres as the country's leader. Peres concluded that he could break the stalemate and form a new government only by sharing Israel's top post with Shamir. Said Peres after a two-hour meeting with Shamir on Friday: "We made quite a headway, yet our work is not complete."

Under the deal, one party leader would be Prime Minister for 25 months, the other would take over for the following 25 months. Labor and Likud planned to continue negotiating on Sunday over who would serve first, as well as how to assign the 24 posts in the new Cabinet. One of last week's proposals called for the positions to be divided evenly between the two camps, but exactly how remains in dispute. According to Peres' scenario, he would initially head the government, with a deputy prime ministership and the Foreign and Finance ministries going to rival Likud forces; the Defense Ministry would be given to Labor. Shamir, on the other hand, promised that if he is allowed to be Prime Minister first, Labor would have the courtesy of naming both the Foreign and Defense ministers. Shamir insisted, however, that if Peres went first, Likud should get those two key portfolios. Responded a leading Labor politician: "If that's what they are demanding, forget it."

Peres has problems within his own ranks as well. He has already promised the Defense post to Yitzhak Rabin, his bitter rival and Israel's Prime Minister from 1974 to 1977. Rabin still enjoys strong support within Labor; if Peres does not deliver on his pledge, Rabin could succeed in scuttling a national unity agreement. In addition Mapam, a leftist party that holds six of Labor's 44 seats in the 120-member Knesset, has threatened to quit the Labor alignment if a Labor-Likud government is formed.

Mapam leaders feel that Peres has made too many concessions to the right-wing Likud bloc and are upset by position papers, drafted jointly by Labor and Likud, to guide the unity government's policies. Initially, Peres had wanted the agreement to specify that any new Jewish settlements in the Israeli-occupied West Bank would have to be approved by two-thirds of the Cabinet, but he is now leaning toward a simple majority vote. "It was a very sad meeting," said Mapam Leader Victor Shentov, after Peres told him of the plan to share the prime ministership. "We have a historical mission to be a party that presents its views clearly to fight the growing extremism in this country." Shamir feels that Mapam's potential rebellion strengthens his case to be first in the Prime Minister rotation. If Mapam deserts Peres, Labor would be in an especially weak position, with only 38 seats in the Knesset, three fewer than Likud. "Why should we then give Peres the preference?" asked a Shamir aide.

Only once before have Israelis had a national unity government. In 1967, on the eve of the Six-Day War, Labor and other parties banded together in a coalition that existed until 1970. Given the level of bickering over the latest attempt at a united front, it is no wonder that both Peres and Shamir are so insistent about being Prime Minister first. Any Labor-Likud coalition may not last long enough to give whoever is second in line a chance at the top. ■

POLAND

The Spirit of Solidarity

With caution and restraint, the opposition fights on

Lech Walesa was back in the spotlight last week, holding aloft a bouquet of flowers and basking in the cheers of some 1,500 supporters gathered near the Lenin Shipyard in the Baltic port of Gdansk. Four years ago, the outspoken electrician had scaled the shipyard gates and assumed the leadership of a strike that gave birth to Solidarity, the Communist bloc's first independent trade union. Solidarity was officially suspended in December 1981, when the regime of General Wojciech Jaruzelski declared martial law and detained most of the union's leaders. But as Walesa and his fellow workers showed last Friday, the anniversary of the 1980 Gdansk agreement that legally recognized the union, the spirit of Solidarity was still alive.

With familiar chants of *"Solidarnosc!"* the crowd joined Walesa in defiantly flashing the V sign and singing the patriotic hymn *God Who Watches Over Poland*, as hundreds of grim-faced policemen looked on. But Walesa was seeking no showdown. After leaving his bouquet at the base of the monument to workers killed during antigovernment riots in 1970, he quietly thanked his supporters for coming and drove away.

The peaceful celebrations underscored the opposition's new mood of restraint in the wake of the government's decision last July to free 652 political prisoners. The Jaruzelski regime was taking a calculated risk in hopes of boosting its credibility at home and abroad. So far, the gamble has paid off: not only has the U.S. relaxed some of the sanctions it imposed after martial law, but the freed prisoners have shown little of the radicalism espoused during the heady days of Solidarity.

Their moderation is based partly on the need to take stock of new realities in Poland. Said Jacek Kuron, a leader of the dissident intellectual group KOR: "To make any political evaluations [now] would be irresponsible. The only perspective I have had is that of prison." Moreover, the sometimes bloody experience of martial law has taught dissidents the futility of opposing head-on a regime backed by tanks and guns. "We have learned our lesson," said Seweryn Jaworski, once the vice chairman of Solidarity's Warsaw-based Mazowsze chapter. "We will no longer play into their hands. We know we cannot beat them by gathering in the streets."

Although they have avoided overt confrontation, most of Solidarity's former leaders appear unwilling to abandon political activism. Wladyslaw Frasyniuk, the union's regional chairman for Lower Silesia from 1980 to 1981, disappeared for three days immediately following his release from prison. After resurfacing, he announced that he had been secretly conferring on future strategy with Zbigniew Bujak, Solidarity's fugitive Mazowsze branch leader. Possibly to hinder such activities, authorities last week detained Frasyniuk and Jozef Pinior, another former local union official, immediately after they laid flowers before a Solidarity commemorative plaque in Wroclaw. The pair were sentenced to two months' detention for disturbing public order. Dozens of others were briefly arrested at peaceful pro-Solidarity demonstrations around the country. Nonetheless, contacts among former activists have multiplied to the point where there is talk of holding a national summit to organize a "shadow cabinet" to monitor and comment on government actions.

Walesa giving the victory salute at Gdansk shipyard

Whether or not such a watchdog group materializes, the mere fact that men once locked up as subversives are meeting and planning again is symbolic of the new mood. Though rebuilding the old Solidarity as a spearhead of resistance is out of the question, its ideals are being put forward by those seeking government reforms. As Walesa said in a speech he prepared for, but did not deliver at, last week's anniversary, "We signed the social agreements believing in the good intentions of the other party. We were painfully disappointed . . . What about union pluralism? What about freedom of speech? What about lifting repression on matters of conscience?" Failing to satisfy the will of the people, Walesa declared, "brings on the threat of conflict."

But Walesa's warning did not herald a return to the mass strikes and street demonstrations of the old era. Underlying the oppositon's mood is an awareness that enduring reforms can be won only through a long, gradual process. Looking back on Solidarity's tumultuous beginning, Jaworski recalls sadly that "we tried to influence the authorities in too short a period of time. It was a mistake. There was too much euphoria too early in the days of Solidarity." Now, he feels, former union supporters show a greater willingness to work from within the system. Ultimately, they hope to become such an integral part of it that the Communist leadership will be forced to grant concessions to keep the economy working.

Yet the opposition movement is shunning party-controlled unions and institutions in favor of its own "parallel" programs, which bring it into direct contact with the population. The most successful of these has been a series of lectures on subjects such as Polish history and culture that are being conducted in churches throughout the country. Among the key targets: the young, some of whom were in grade school when Solidarity was founded; and peasants, who make up 43% of the population. Largely conservative by nature, Polish farmers can, according to the opposition, nonetheless be moved by arguments showing that state mismanagement was mainly responsible for the disastrous decline in the country's agriculture in the late 1970s and early '80s, and for its continuing problems today.

Despite its weakness on that score, the Jaruzelski government also has some grounds for optimism. The regime gained considerable confidence from the turnout at the June 17 regional and local elections, in which, according to official figures, some 75% of the voters went to the polls, despite calls for a boycott from Solidarity leaders. That electoral victory undoubtedly helped convince Jaruzelski, and his Soviet patrons, that the regime could at last afford to release the political prisoners.

Since then the authorities have made an ostentatious show of openness and reason, typified by Deputy Premier Mieczyslaw Rakowski's televised debate last week with two former Solidarity members. Most viewers, however, quickly recognized the pair as apostates who had publicly recanted their allegiance to the union during the martial-law period. Nor have Warsaw's claims of liberalization persuaded the U.S. to lift its objections to Polish membership in the International Monetary Fund or to the restoration of Poland's most-favored-nation trading status. Both measures are crucial to the economic health and political stability of the regime. ***—By Thomas A. Sancton. Reported by John Moody/Gdansk***

AFGHANISTAN

Reviving the Songs of Old

A village struggles back

Each night convoys of anywhere from 600 to 1,500 men begin the long march westward. They load down their mules and camels with mortars, heavy machine guns and mines, then scramble along steep, rocky trails through an eerily deserted landscape. Stealing past a government fort and fields still littered with bomb fragments and mines, ignoring the distant thunder of MiGs and flares on the horizon, they cross the highlands along the border and descend toward battle.

The men are Afghans who have spent several years in refugee camps in Pakistan. Haunted by homesickness and inspired by a determination to conduct a jihad (holy war) against the Soviet occupiers of their country, they are going back home. What they find is not encouraging: entire villages destroyed, orchards burned, fields defoliated. Yet the returning men are rebuilding the fallen roofs and tumbled walls of their former homes. They dig tunnels and enlarge caves to accommodate dwellings, schools and medical clinics; they farm by night, when no MiGs or helicopter gunships fly overhead; they use homemade weapons and their knowledge of the difficult terrain to foil the relentless ground attacks of the Soviets. Robert Schultheis, an American freelance writer, spent ten weeks with the men who went back to Dobanday, a once prosperous village that was leveled by the Soviets in 1978. His report:

Afghanistan is a nation of villages. They are the basis of its social structure and its Muslim faith. At communal events like weddings, villagers come together for days to feast, dance and race horses. More practically, the Muslim system of *zakat* (tithing) binds the community together by ensuring that a part of its wealth goes to its poor. Villages have therefore been the primary source of food, support and intelligence for the mujahedin guerrillas who oppose the Soviet-backed regime of Babrak Karmal. That is why the Soviets have used their bombs and tanks to reduce scores of communities to rubble. Of Afghanistan's 16 million people, more than half have been forced from their homes: up to 5 million have become internal refugees, many of them crowded into Kabul, the capital; 3 million more have fled to refugee camps in Pakistan; perhaps 500,000 have been killed or badly wounded.

The story of Dobanday is typical. Just six years ago, 20,000 people lived in spacious adobe houses scattered across the floor of a green, spring-fed canyon some 45 miles south of Kabul. "Life was good," recalls Haji Jumah Gul. "We had wheat, corn, rice, melons, apples, cherries, pears and mulberries. Almost everyone had cattle and sheep." Many of the villagers were prosperous enough to be able to afford a pilgrimage each year to Mecca.

Coming home: a mujahedin commander surveys the valley of Dobanday, now laid waste by war

All that changed in April 1978, when Noor Muhammad Taraki, a Soviet-supported Marxist, seized power in Kabul. It would be 20 months before Moscow would send the first of some 100,000 troops to occupy the country, but Soviet advisers were already leading the Afghan army in search-and-destroy missions across the countryside. The residents of Dobanday first became alarmed when they heard that the new regime was attacking religious leaders and traditions. The authorities then arrested two local elders and decreed that all houses in the settlement be thrown open for inspection.

The villagers rebelled. They were armed with nothing but axes, sticks, scythes, eleven ancient British .303 rifles and a few muskets that had last seen use in battles against the raj. But they fought with spirited tenacity. As one patriarch remembers, "We sang songs as we fought the Communists." They demolished the government military post at nearby Khoshi and barricaded the road into Dobanday. For eight months they fought a series of bloody battles, resisting the force of gunships and armored convoys with captured machine guns, homemade grenades and Molotov cocktails.

The people of Dobanday quickly discovered that their attackers did not make war by the gentlemanly rules favored by their imperial predecessors. "My uncle fought the British on the border after his father was killed by them in battle," recalls Haji Khan, a rheumy-eyed septuagenarian. "But the British did not kill old people, children and women; they would not aim their artillery at innocent people." The Communists, by contrast, massacred civilians. Worst of all, when government troops finally broke through to Dobanday, a Soviet adviser marched into the central mosque, tore up the Koran and put a torch to the building.

By November 1978 the superior firepower of the Soviet-backed government began to tell. Whole blocks of houses had been destroyed, the fields lay fallow and 220 residents were dead. When word spread that an overpowering government assault was imminent, the villagers called a traditional council. "We decided that we all had to leave that very night and take our families to Pakistan," remembers Amin Jan, now a mujahedin commander.

Stranded abroad: the people of Dobanday in their dispiriting new home in Pakistan

Photographs for TIME by Robin Moyer

Within the broken buildings along the village's main street, returning guerrillas hide out

"There was not enough food for the winter, and no shelter. Already the high mountains had snow on them."

At sunset the entire village assembled. "There was a fine mist of clouds around us, and the moon rose behind it," Amin Jan recalls. "The women and children were weeping." Those who owned trucks loaded them high with blankets, heirloom carpets, anything they could salvage from their bomb-shattered homes; others piled precious possessions on top of mules and camels or carried what they could: a lantern, a teapot, a generations-old copy of the Koran. While it was dark, they traveled fast along the rough mountain roads; during the day, when planes or helicopters reappeared in the skies, the refugees took shelter amid the rocks and trees.

As they continued, the road grew more treacherous and the sky more turbulent. The trucks were abandoned, and the fugitives continued on foot. On the second night three children died of cold and exhaustion; the following dawn, as the weary procession reached the border, two pregnant women and a teen-age girl lay down and died. Nonetheless, the group was relatively fortunate: only a few hours after the villagers arrived safely in Pakistan, the first blizzard of the winter obscured the horizon. Dozens of people from neighboring villages who had left just one day later died in the driving snow.

The refugees from Dobanday ended up in two sprawling camps on the barren outskirts of Peshawar in Pakistan's North-West Frontier province. Built on unwanted land, the encampments resembled well-populated ghost towns: they had no water, no trees, only dead earth. The men were farmers without fields, traders without businesses, herders without flocks. Proud men accustomed to self-sufficiency, they were now dependent on rations and a monthly allowance of $4 from international relief agencies. A lucky handful, like onetime Farmer Shair Ali, managed to find menial labor; 90% of the men were idle. As one of them put it, "Our life today is nothing."

It was almost less than nothing for the women of the camps. Surrounded by strangers, they had to remain veiled and felt like virtual prisoners at home. According to Ekber Menemencioglu, a Turkish-born aid official who has worked in Afghanistan for several years, "Many refugee women have stress-related medical problems: disruption of their monthly cycles and a tremendous amount of tranquilizer use to deal with hysteria." One recent wedding, which would have been an occasion for revelry and jollity at home, might almost have been mistaken for a funeral. Says Saib Khan, Amin Jan's brother: "There was no singing, nothing. We left our songs in Dobanday."

Now many of the men have decided to forsake the indignities of life in the camps and return to retrieve their songs. In tributary canyons and along hidden hillsides around Dobanday, irrigation ditches have been repaired and plots of field resown. Potatoes, wheat and corn are being harvested to sustain itinerant guerrillas. Saib Khan has come back to scout possible locations for a clinic that would serve war-wounded mujahedin who might otherwise die on the long journey through Dobanday to Pakistan. Bombed-out houses now are base camps for the guerrillas. One enterprising group of mujahedin has even been growing marijuana to sell to Soviet soldiers on the black market in Kabul (1 lb. of hashish fetches a few clips of Kalashnikov ammunition).

Once or twice a week during the summer the Soviets launch aerial bombardments, but the mujahedin make up in resourcefulness what they lack in weapons. Local rumor has it that one group knocked down a low-flying Mi-24 Hind gunship last year by flinging rocks at it.

On the ground the guerrillas are even tougher to beat. Shinwari, a narrow-faced, fiery-eyed commander, explains their normal strategy: "We put two mines together [along the main highway south from Kabul], rigged so they will go off only when something as heavy as a tank runs over them. The two mines lift a tank 50 ft. in the air, stopping the convoy. Then we fire everything we have until we are out of ammunition. Then we retreat back into the mountains."

Each day in summer, 1,000 or 2,000 fighters from other villages pass through Dobanday. At dawn, having spent all night crossing the mountains to the east, a small army of guerrillas will suddenly materialize. "May you never be weary!" they call out in greeting to the locals. "May you be at peace here!" answer the men of Dobanday. After a day of rest, the visitors head off again as evening falls; some will travel up to 17 days to distant battlegrounds along the Soviet border.

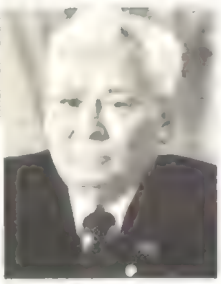
As the guerrillas, many of them teenagers from different tribes, vanish into the hills, the returned villagers wish them well. "Before the jihad, we never knew people like that, and we would not speak to them," says Saib Khan. "But now that we have fought together and bled together, we are brothers forever." The men of Dobanday, he suggests, are fighting not only for their home but also for their companions throughout their once faction-ridden homeland. The Soviets, it seems, have succeeded only in uniting the resistance they had hoped to shatter. ■

In the camps, the refugees have schools and medical facilities, but no work and no joy

World Notes

SOVIET UNION

A Month in the Country


PHILIPPOT—SYGMA

Chernenko

Konstantin Chernenko, who will turn 73 on Sept. 24, left Moscow July 15 to begin his annual summer vacation at an undisclosed location. Since then he has met with no visitors and issued no new policy statements; the Soviet public has not seen a single picture of him on holiday. The mystery deepened last week: Chernenko did not appear at closing ceremonies of the Friendship '84 Games, despite expectations that he might. ABC News reported that Chernenko, who is said to suffer from emphysema, returned to Moscow in a wheelchair and may be undergoing medical treatment, but the item could not be confirmed.

Some Kremlin watchers see a parallel between Chernenko's absence and that of the late Yuri Andropov, who went on holiday in August 1983 and did not reappear in public before his death nearly six months later. Chernenko, however, is known for taking long vacations: he was absent from Moscow for nine weeks last summer. The Soviet leader may simply be taking another long vacation this year. If so, however, he will have to reappear at least by the last week in September, when Finland's President Mauno Koivisto is scheduled to pay an official visit to Moscow.

SOUTH AFRICA

Chamber of Horrors

Only 20% of registered voters participated last week in elections for the Indian chamber of South Africa's new tricameral Parliament. That unenthusiastic showing came a week after a tepid 30% turnout in balloting for the colored (mixed-race) chamber. The two new houses, which will augment South Africa's previously whites-only Parliament, were set up under a new constitution overwhelmingly approved by white voters last fall. The additional chambers will have authority to pass legislation affecting the nation's 850,000 Indians and 2.8 million coloreds. But real power will remain with the 4.7 million whites. No power goes to the more than 23 million blacks, an omission that has soured many Indians and coloreds on their new voice in government.

Opposition turned violent near Johannesburg, where more than 100 people were injured as police used tear gas and sjamboks (whips made of hide) against Indian demonstrators. Prime Minister Pieter W. Botha is nonetheless determined to proceed with the three-part Parliament, which will begin deliberations in Cape Town later this month.

LEBANON

Disturbing the Peace

A militiaman in civilian clothes exchanged heated words with a soldier at one of the checkpoints on the demilitarized "green line" that divides Beirut. The militiaman then jumped into his car and sped away. A trivial enough incident, but it touched off the worst fighting in Lebanon's capital since the Syrian-backed peace plan was adopted July 4. In the four hours of fighting that followed, the largely Christian Fifth Brigade in the east traded fire with the mostly Muslim Sixth Brigade in the west. Five people were wounded. The event revived fears that the army is dangerously divided along religious lines. Said a prominent Sunni Muslim politician: "If the army cannot control Beirut, what hope is there that it can control the rest of the country?"

Prime Minister Rashid Karami's hopes for extending the peace plan to other parts of Lebanon were further battered last week when two Israeli air force jets destroyed several buildings in the Bekaa Valley, killing or wounding at least 100. The structures were being used, an Israeli spokesman said, as a departure point for attacks by Palestinian guerrillas against Israeli soldiers.

EAST-WEST

The Uncertain Guest

Apparently furious at the prospect of East German Leader Erich Honecker's tentatively scheduled visit to West Germany Sept. 26-29, the Soviets stepped up their efforts last week to sow discontent between the two countries. Soviet commentators did little else but denounce West German "revanchism," the desire to restore pre-World War II boundaries, describing the country as virtually a reborn Third Reich that is preparing to launch another blitzkrieg against the Soviet Union. Despite an improving relationship between East and West Germany this year, Honecker may decide not to brave such Soviet opposition. Indeed, when officials in Bonn and East Berlin conferred to settle details of the trip, the East Germans withheld official notification that it would take place.


JURGENS

Honecker

Still hopeful, West German Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher emphasized that the Honecker visit was "meaningful and necessary." But pessimism increased when the usually well-informed *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* reported that Honecker would "probably" put off his trip until the end of the year, allowing him time to consult with Soviet officials before going to West Germany.

ISRAEL

Unwelcoming Committee

Campaigning for last July's national elections, U.S.-born Rabbi Meir Kahane, 52, made a promise: if he won a seat in the Knesset he would travel to Umm al Fahm (pop. 25,000), the largest Arab village in Israel, as the first step in a drive to expel the country's 625,000 Arab citizens, as well as the 1.4 million in the occupied territories of the West Bank and Gaza Strip and in Israeli-annexed East Jerusalem. Government officials were braced for trouble last week when Kahane, now a Knesset member, tried to make good on his pledge. Some 1,500 Arab residents and hundreds of Jews formed a human barrier on the main road into the village, which is 43 miles northeast of Tel Aviv. When Kahane was a mile from the village, police, disregarding his right to visit any public place under parliamentary immunity, detained the rabbi, then turned him and some 100 of his supporters back.

Kahane vowed to continue his campaign. "There are no Arab villages in the state of Israel," he said. "There are only Israeli villages inhabited by Arabs temporarily." Kahane, said Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, is "negative, dangerous and harmful."

Kahane near Umm al Fahm

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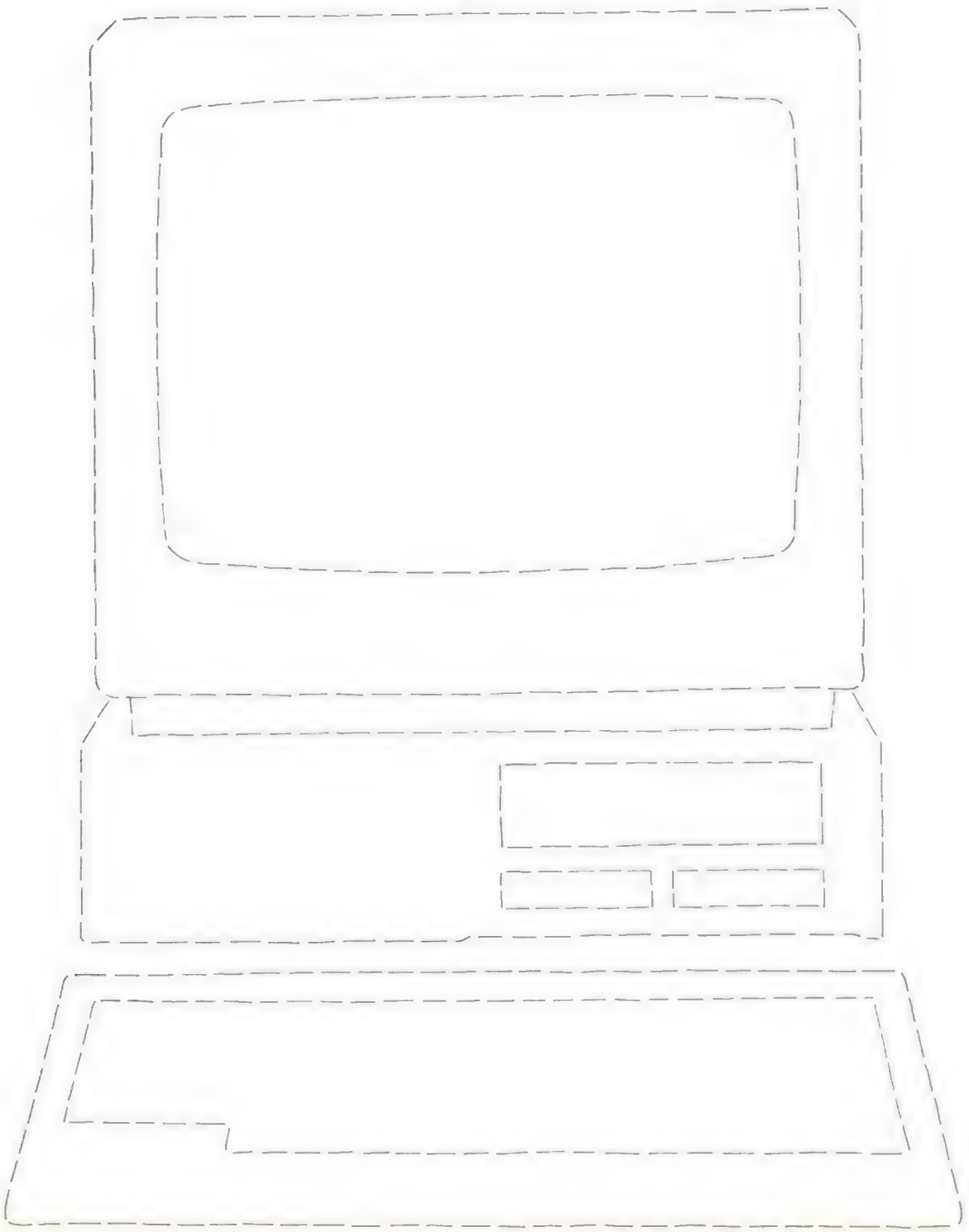

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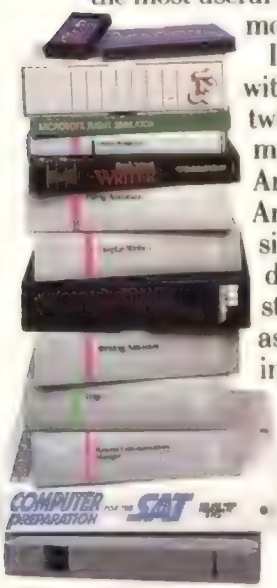

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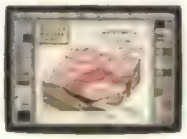

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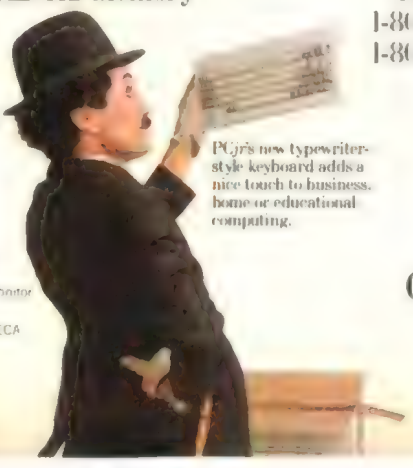

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Burying Bones of Contention

Tradition challenges research over rites for the dead

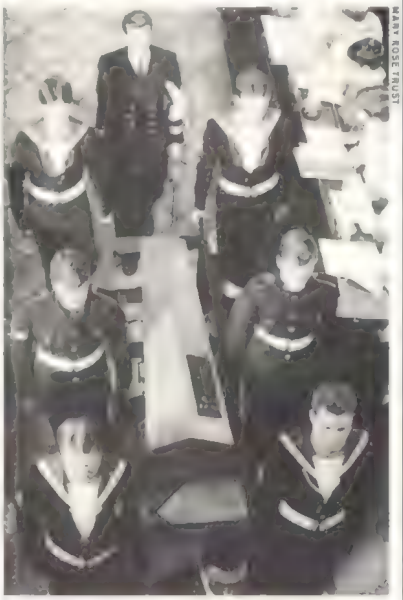
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones

—From William Shakespeare's epitaph

Halfway around the globe from Shakespeare's grave, the normally conservative government of the Australian state of Victoria has heeded the curse of the Bard, and by doing so has shocked the scientific establishment. Because of tightened state laws, the University of Melbourne must relinquish its important collection of several hundred human bones between 9,000 and 13,000 years old. They will go to the Victoria Museum, where a panel will decide whether the bones should be reinterred. The move was yet another victory for Australia's native people, the aborigines, who, in an effort to reclaim their cultural and spiritual heritage, have been waging a legal battle to recover the skulls and bones of their ancestors, locked away in laboratories and museums. In Tasmania recently, officials ordered the return of a state collection of ancient bones to the aborigines. And earlier this year, native Australians prevented two aboriginal skulls, each more than 10,000 years old, from being sent to an exhibit of human evolution at the Museum of Natural History in New York. Declares Lawyer Jim Berg, an aborigine who has been a leader of the campaign for native rights: "We don't dig up white people's cemeteries, so why should they be allowed to dig up ours?"

The aborigines' success gives new heart to American Indians, who for years have been pressing state governments to hand over ancestral bones and tribal artifacts, many of which are gathering dust in museum basements. "We believe you should not disturb the dead," says Sioux Indian Maria Pearson of Marne, Iowa, a leader of her tribe's efforts to reclaim bones. To date, Native Americans have had only limited success. In 1981 Yurok Indians in California persuaded the state to return seven ancestral skeletons, which were then reburied. Iowa and Minnesota have passed laws requiring that archaeologists consult with Native Americans before bones are removed from burial sites.

To scientists, putting the demands of native custom before those of scientific knowledge is a disturbing trend. Ancient bones often provide the sole link to prehistoric societies, giving evidence of diet, brain size, stature, disease and longevity. Should scientists be deprived of the right to study these precious fossils, says Anthropologist Milford Wolpoff of the University of Michigan, "it would be an unparalleled tragedy." Studies of aboriginal bones are yielding some particularly important findings. Scientists had long assumed that the original Australians migrated to the continent from Indonesia about 10,000 years ago and, isolated from the influence of other societies, had been culturally trapped in the Stone Age. But recent studies of skeletons reveal the aborigines as a far more ancient people. There appears to be evidence from bone structure of two distinct migrations of modern man's predecessor, *Homo erectus*, to Australia some 40,000 years ago, one from Java and the other from China.



Interring a crewman from the *Mary Rose*

Such findings lead scientists to condemn reburial. Analytic techniques are continually being developed, strengthening or overhauling past interpretations. Explains Jane Buikstra, professor of anthropology at Northwestern University in Illinois: "In the past two years there have been different kinds of chemical analysis of bone development. We can now estimate dietary information in ways not thought possible ten years ago."

Many native people, such as aborigines and American Indians, are convinced that the scientific examination of ancient bones is desecration of the dead by white society, and thus a form of racism. Anthropologists, however, insist that there are no racial boundaries to their investigations. Declares Owen Lovejoy, an anthropologist at Kent State University in Ohio: "The remains of many people have been researched, including those of John Paul Jones and Johann Sebastian Bach."

Scientists generally are seeking a compromise, as in the case of the *Mary Rose*, King Henry VIII's man-o'-war, sunk off Portsmouth in 1545 and drowning some 665 of the 700 on board. Nearly two years ago, the ship was raised from the ocean floor. Before that, many skeletons had been recovered from their watery grave. To answer misgivings about desecration of the dead, the remains of one member of the ship's company were given a symbolic burial in Portsmouth Cathedral last July. In time, all of the bones will be gathered at the Royal Naval Hospital, about a mile from where the ship sank, where they will be placed in a covered ossuary but will remain available for scientific investigations. Says Margaret Rule, research director of the Mary Rose Trust: "It's the best opportunity we've ever had to study a group from the 16th century. If we can learn something from them, that is good. I'm sure they would want that themselves."

—By Natalie Angier. Reported by John Dunn/Melbourne

Aborigines of north Australia performing a sacred dance for visitors

Why should whites dig up our graves if we don't dig up theirs?

The *Mont Louis* lies starboard down in the North Sea after colliding with a German ferry

BBC/SPOONER—GAMMA/LIAISON

A Shipwreck Sends a Warning

Uranium cargo raises new fears about nuclear hazards

At low tide in the rough waters of the North Sea, it looked like a dead whale floating on its belly. But the *Mont Louis*, a 4,210-ton French container ship that sank on Aug. 25 after colliding with a German passenger ferry eleven miles from the Belgian coast, was very much alive with frenzied activity. Three tugboats buzzed noisily around it, while black dinghies delivered wet-suited divers. The focus of their labors: 360 tons of uranium hexafluoride, raw material from which nuclear fuel is made and which is not a severe radiation danger. Three barrels, however, contained uranium that had been partly processed into fuel, a form that is more hazardous. As yet, divers taking daily readings of the water have not detected any signs of leaking radioactivity. More worrisome is the uranium's volatility: should it mix with water, it would be transformed chemically into an acid that could easily explode. Loose in the sea, it could poison any marine life near by. Warns Shoja Etamad, a nuclear engineer based in Paris: "No one really knows what happens when you deal with quantities on this scale."

To forestall a disaster, the divers began carving a 10 ft. by 17 ft. hole in the hull. A giant floating crane operated by Smit Tak International, a Rotterdam company that often retrieves sunken ships from places like the war-torn Persian Gulf, will be towed out to sea on a platform to pluck out the barrels gingerly, an operation that will probably take about a month. Declares Smit Tak International's managing director, Klaas Reinigert: "Compared with all the other jobs we've done, this one's easy." Despite the intense publicity that the sinking of the *Mont Louis* has received throughout Europe, the Belgian government seems to have had no trouble in convincing the public that everything is perfectly safe. Tourists at resorts along the coast continue to relax, seemingly untroubled, on the beaches. Said one swimmer near Ostend: "I don't read newspapers while I'm on vacation."

At first there had been widespread alarm, particularly when the ship's owner, the Compagnie Générale Maritime, was evasive about details of the accident. Forty-eight hours after the sinking, the Belgian government was still uncertain about the nature of the cargo on board. On the other hand, Greenpeace, the international environmental organization, had already revealed that the *Mont Louis* had been carrying a cargo of uranium. Confusion mounted when crew members claimed they had been told that they were shipping radioactive goods for medical purposes.

Finally, after much prodding by Greenpeace, the French admitted the true nature of the freight: uranium that was being shipped to the Soviet Union to be processed into nuclear fuel and then returned to Europe for use in nuclear power plants. Belgium, Italy and Switzerland have had similar arrangements with the Soviets since 1973, when the U.S., which then had a virtual monopoly on enrichment technology, sharply raised its prices. The French recently extended their agreements with the Soviet Union through the year 2010.

More important, perhaps, was the fact that the sinking of the *Mont Louis* and its cargo underscored the growing hazard of transporting nuclear materials. As atomic power becomes ever more widely used internationally, some critics charge that a careless and secretive attitude is developing toward the treatment of potentially dangerous nuclear materials. Wrote the prestigious French newspaper *Le Monde:* "Nuclear energy is made commonplace, except in the domain of information, where there still reigns a mania for secrecy." The *Mont Louis* previously carried paper pulp and was not designed for the shipment of possibly dangerous cargoes. None of the 23-man crew had any experience in handling nuclear materials. When the collision occurred, the ship was steering through fog, and for some reason the sailor on watch was not at his post. The transport of radioactive material over water in Western Europe is regulated by the International Maritime Dangerous Goods Code, but the rules are dated and are now being revised by the International Maritime Organization.

In the future, the hazards of transporting dangerous materials by sea are certain to increase. Some time soon, perhaps this month, 100 lbs. of plutonium (enough to build more than 10 nuclear bombs) will be ferried from France to Japan for processing into reactor fuel, the first such shipment of its kind by sea. A small armada of ships is expected to accompany the plutonium to prevent any terrorist attacks, and environmentalists are planning major protests. Says Hans Guyt of Greenpeace: "We think the whole business of transporting nuclear material should be stopped, and stopped immediately." —*By Natalie Angier. Reported by William Dowell/Paris and Gary Yorkey/Ostend*

Assembling Pontiacs at GM: automakers are determined to hold down labor costs

Union Chief Bieber's No. 1 goal is guaranteed job security

Economy & Business

"It's a Global Game Now"

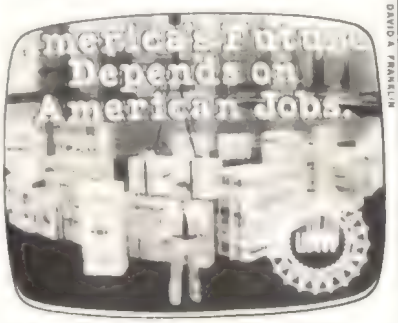
With an eye to Japan, the U.A.W. and Detroit start serious bargaining

For almost five years, members of the United Auto Workers have given up wage gains and made other sacrifices to help U.S. carmakers survive. Now, mindful of Detroit's record profits and the fat bonuses that auto executives have been paying themselves, U.A.W. leaders are entering the final lap of perhaps the most crucial contract talks in the union's 49-year history. If a new three-year agreement is not reached before the old one expires at midnight on Sept. 14, as many as 465,000 autoworkers may walk out in a strike that could deeply wound the industry's recent prosperity. Says General Motors Vice President Alfred Warren: "The pace is going to have to pick up now. There's not much time left."

Adding to the tension and complexity of the negotiations are continuing fears of Japanese competition. The current U.S. auto boom would not be as robust without so-called voluntary restraints that limit the number of high-quality, attractively priced Japanese autos that Americans can buy. Industry leaders are intent on holding down labor costs to keep their cars competitive with the imports. Says GM Chairman Roger Smith: "Back in the '40s and '50s, the concerns were GM *vs.* Ford and *vs.* Chrysler. What happens here now affects GM *vs.* Toyota, *vs.* Volkswagen, and *vs.* everyone else." Ford Chairman Philip Caldwell puts it differently but the message is the same: "It's a global game now. At the end of the day we all have to be competitive. If anyone gets out of line, you have to pay the piper."

But as the pace of the talks quickened last week, the two sides remained far apart. GM and Ford delivered initial proposals that made scant reference to either guaranteed job security or wage hikes, two key worker issues. Complained Stephen Yokich, the U.A.W. chief Ford bargainer: "We're not playing in the same ballpark." In response, the U.A.W. executive board declared both GM and Ford to be potential strike targets, holding open the option of later zeroing in on one firm if bargaining strategy so dictated. Pulling workers off the assembly lines at even a single company could prove costly; when the U.A.W. did so in 1970, it had to mortgage its international headquarters building and lay off 100 staff workers because the strike fund was exhausted.

The union is also taking its case to the public, to argue that it is fighting to save American jobs. Last week it launched a unique $2 million television-advertising campaign in 24 cities. One spot shows a Pontiac Sunbird convertible on a Brooklyn dock, where crates of auto parts from Korea, Japan, Brazil and Mexico are piled so high that they eventually hide the car. Says the narrator: "At the United Auto Workers we know America's future depends on American jobs."



DAVID S. FRANKLIN

Telling labor's story with television spots

At the heart of the negotiations are basic questions about the survival of both the U.A.W. and the U.S. auto industry. Can Detroit begin to bring its labor costs into line so that it can continue making most of its cars in America and still compete with the rest of the world's automakers? And can the U.A.W. protect the jobs and purchasing power of its members without further eroding the domestic manufacturing capability of their employers? In recent weeks, U.A.W. President Owen Bieber, 54, has been warning his members, "This year is going to be one of the toughest, most complex set of negotiations in the history of our union."

Traditionally a trend setter, the auto talks are now being watched more closely than ever. The U.A.W. contract, which covers 350,000 GM and 115,000 Ford workers (Chrysler's contract, affecting 60,000 employees, does not expire until Oct. 15, 1985), could signal a new willingness by workers to consider the long-range health of an industry. "This is a landmark event," says Al Nelson, an auto analyst for the Wall Street firm of Becker Paribas. "What happens in Detroit sets a pattern for other industries and rubs

off on important boardroom decisions."

The U.A.W. is negotiating from a peculiar combination of strength and weakness. On the one hand, the U.S. auto industry has never been more prosperous. Profits this year are expected to approach a record $11 billion. In addition, factories are currently working two shifts a day plus Saturdays, and inventories are low. At the end of July, the stocks of cars on hand represented only a 47-day supply at current selling rates *vs.* 60 days normally. Should the union decide to call a strike, the effect on sales would be felt quickly.

On the other hand, the boom-time atmosphere in Detroit is fragile. Only quotas that restrict imports from Japan to 1.85 million cars a year have kept Toyota, Nissan and the other Japanese manufacturers from grabbing more than their present 21% share of the U.S. market. The Japanese are also a serious problem for the U.A.W. Besides slicing the demand for American autos, their success has led U.S. carmakers to move production overseas where labor is cheaper. This year GM is importing 19,000 subcompacts made by Japan's Suzuki and marketed as the Chevrolet Sprint. At $5,139, the car is a brisk seller in the West. Eventually, GM wants to import 100,000 Sprints annually, as well as 200,000 other compacts made by Isuzu of Japan plus 80,000 vehicles from GM's Korean partner, Daewoo. Ford, which is building a plant in Mexico with Japan's Mazda, is also holding talks with Korean manufacturers, as is Chrysler.

Such moves represent a kind of creeping obsolescence for the U.A.W. Observes Bieber: "U.S. companies are planning to move virtually all of their small-car production to foreign countries. If they do, we're going to lose roughly 500,000 jobs in the next two to five years," including 342,000 among parts suppliers. The union has already seen its total membership fall 20% over the past five years. That decline reflects both the recession and heavy company investments in robots and other labor-saving equipment.

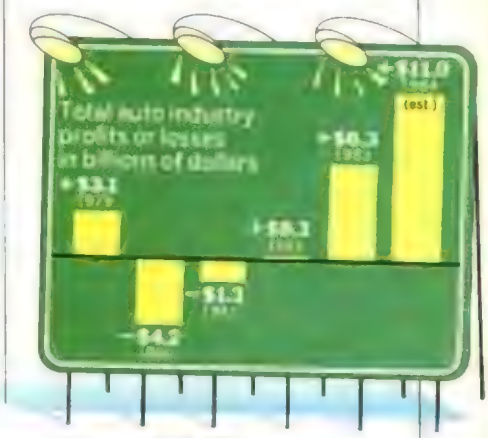
At the bargaining table, the U.A.W. is taking an aggressive stance on job protection. It wants the auto companies to promise that they will limit their purchases of new cars and parts from foreign sources. Furthermore, it wants the right to review the companies' strategic plans and future investment decisions, and is pushing to extend a ban on plant closings that was negotiated in 1982.

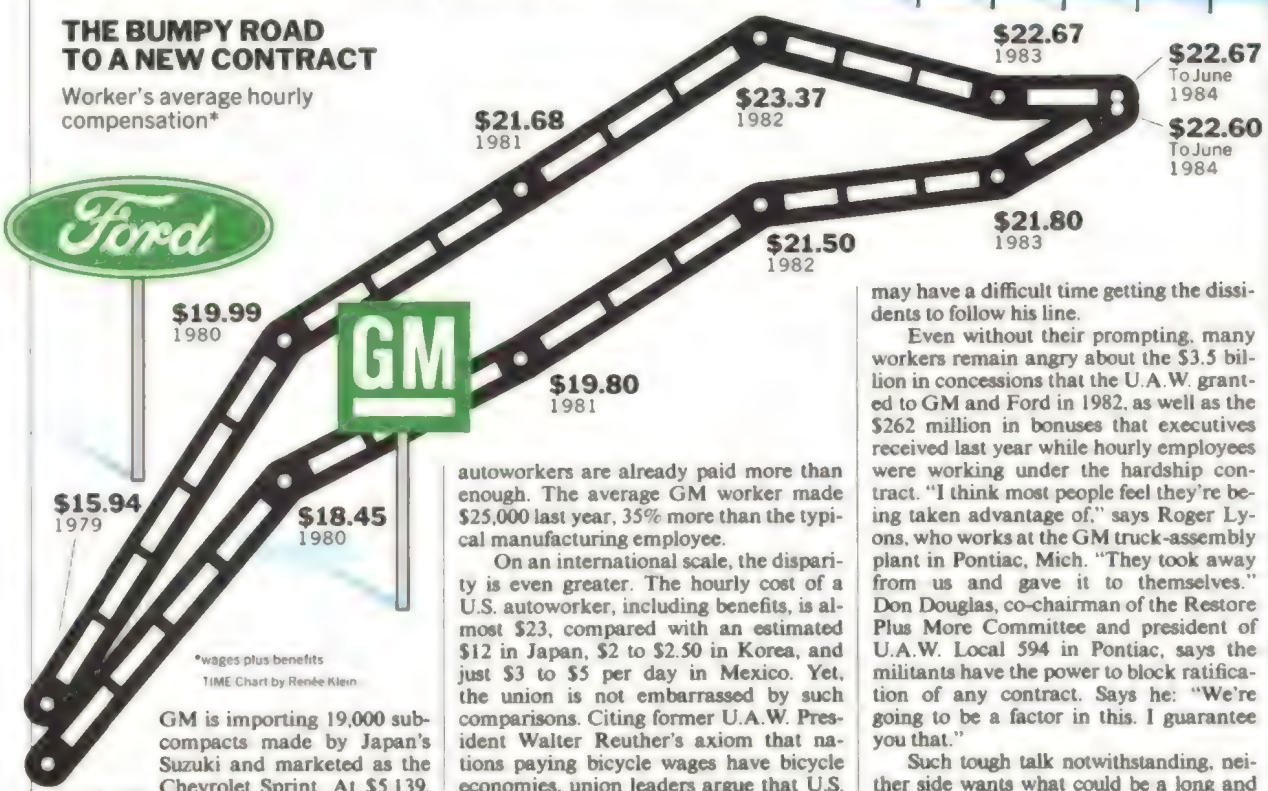
The U.A.W. also wants a wage increase, a richer profit-sharing formula and more generous pensions. But moderation on pay issues has so far been the order of the day. The union's own polls show that 40% of Americans believe that autoworkers are already paid more than enough. The average GM worker made $25,000 last year, 35% more than the typical manufacturing employee.

On an international scale, the disparity is even greater. The hourly cost of a U.S. autoworker, including benefits, is almost $23, compared with an estimated $12 in Japan, $2 to $2.50 in Korea, and just $3 to $5 per day in Mexico. Yet, the union is not embarrassed by such comparisons. Citing former U.A.W. President Walter Reuther's axiom that nations paying bicycle wages have bicycle economies, union leaders argue that U.S. auto-industry productivity has increased 143% since 1957, almost three times as fast as labor costs.

In their initial proposals last week, both GM and Ford ignored union demands for higher hourly wages. Instead, GM offered a three-year package worth perhaps $8,000. It includes lump-sum cash payments of $900 that are not part of base salaries, bigger profit-sharing payouts, and cost of living increases. Ford merely reminded workers that they will get an average of $1,600 in profit-sharing this year, compared with $440 in 1983.

The task of U.A.W. negotiators is not made easier by the presence of a vocal minority of members who have adopted the slogan "Restore plus more in '84." Bieber, soft-spoken as union leaders go and a compromise choice for president in 1983, may have a difficult time getting the dissidents to follow his line.





Even without their prompting, many workers remain angry about the $3.5 billion in concessions that the U.A.W. granted to GM and Ford in 1982, as well as the $262 million in bonuses that executives received last year while hourly employees were working under the hardship contract. "I think most people feel they're being taken advantage of," says Roger Lyons, who works at the GM truck-assembly plant in Pontiac, Mich. "They took away from us and gave it to themselves." Don Douglas, co-chairman of the Restore Plus More Committee and president of U.A.W. Local 594 in Pontiac, says the militants have the power to block ratification of any contract. Says he: "We're going to be a factor in this. I guarantee you that."

Such tough talk notwithstanding, neither side wants what could be a long and costly strike. Says Philip Fricke, a veteran Goldman Sachs auto analyst: "Everybody loses in a strike—the companies, the workers and, above all, the consumers." Still, the U.A.W. has amassed a record strike fund of $564 million that could support picketing workers for several months. And auto-industry tradition argues against the prospect of a peaceful settlement. Out of the past eight contract negotiations stretching back to 1961, only two have ended without a walkout. —*By Alexander L. Taylor III. Reported by Paul A. Witteman/Detroit*

Hands Across the Border

U.S. manufacturers work both sides of the line to slash costs

Around the fringe of the dusty, sprawling Mexican city of Ciudad Juárez (pop. 625,000) rise row after row of corrugated-steel and beige brick structures bearing the logos of RCA, General Electric and GTE. Inside a Honeywell building, hundreds of women wearing red smocks hunch over an assembly line as they put together tiny electronic devices. Ten million parts a month are turned out here and then trucked across the border to U.S. plants, which ship them off to be used in Apple computers, Xerox copiers and instrument panels for the space shuttle.

By assembling the components in Mexico rather than in the U.S. just a few miles away, Honeywell saves about 50% on production costs. That kind of bargain is creating a manufacturing boom along the 2,000-mile Mexican-U.S. border and is also boosting the ailing Mexican economy. Like Detroit's automakers, who are moving an increasing amount of production to foreign countries, many other manufacturers are also building factories outside the U.S. More than 600 assembly plants have been lured to the Mexican border region to produce everything from electronic components to clothing.

Two decades ago, the land around Ciudad Juárez, situated just south of El Paso, Texas, was occupied by tumbleweeds, a few head of cattle and a little cotton. But in 1965 the Mexican government decided to stimulate jobs in the northern region by relaxing its laws against foreign ownership of factories and reducing import taxes on raw materials. This has enabled U.S. companies to build so-called twin plants, one north of the border and the other south. A typical company manufactures its materials in the U.S. plant, sends them to the Mexican factory for assembly and then returns them to the U.S. for packaging. The Mexicans have given the plants the name *maquiladoras*, meaning golden mills, because of the economic benefit they bring. The biggest *maquiladora* is RCA's TV-chassis assembly plant in Ciudad Juárez, which employs 6,000. Says Armando León, a National Bank of Mexico official who helps finance the plants: "It is a classic case of mutual assistance. We need jobs and dollars, and the Americans must cut production costs to stay competitive in the world market."

Indeed Mexico offers a way for U.S. firms to avoid moving their plants to Asia. "This is a direct line to Dallas," says John Lord, manager of the Honeywell plant, as he picks up a telephone. "When I need parts I call, and the next day they're here. Try that in the Far East." The Mexican connection enables managers from the headquarters of U.S. firms to visit their factories quickly and frequently. "Twenty-six miles is a lot easier than 8,000," said Allen Roshon, president of San Diego's Computer Accessories, which operates a plant in nearby Tijuana.

The border boom began accelerating in 1982, when the Mexican government was forced to devalue its peso as part of the financial crisis facing the country. Worth nearly 4¢ then, the peso has fallen to ½¢, giving U.S. manufacturers an eightfold boost to the value of their dollars. *Maquiladora* operators are expected to spend some $1.2 billion in Mexico this year, up from $845 million in 1982. This ranks as the country's second-biggest source of foreign income, after oil. Mexico desperately needs the cash to pay off its $95 billion in foreign debt.

The biggest saving for U.S. firms in Mexico is the country's labor costs, which are even lower than in overseas manufacturing centers. The typical *maquiladora* worker earns about $1.10 an hour, including benefits. At similar plants in Hong Kong, labor costs are $1.50 an hour and in Singapore $1.62. Mexican workers earn only about a third of the minimum wage of $3.35 in the U.S. In addition, U.S. employers find Mexican workers to be highly productive. Says Honeywell's Lord: "We love it here. We didn't realize how quality conscious the people are."

In a country where 40% of the labor force is out of work or barely earning subsistence wages, the factory jobs are a welcome relief. Since 1982, the number of Mexicans employed by *maquiladoras* has increased from 127,000 to 180,000. Said Maria Rosario Gonzalez, 24, who works in a sterilized, dust-free room in Tijuana assembling parts for Plantronics, a California maker of headphones: "This was by far the best thing I could find. We have job security here that you don't find in places like restaurants." But the *maquiladoras* have critics who regard the plants as high-tech sweatshops. Most of the work is low paying and unskilled and attracts mainly young women for relatively short-term jobs.

The pell-mell buildup of factories, though, especially in Ciudad Juárez and Tijuana, has caused an unexpected worker shortage that may result in better conditions. Said David Kiepler, general manager of International Rectifier: "Five years ago, we had people lined up at the door. Now there is a lot of competition for labor." Some manufacturers have boosted wages by about 30% and begun offering more amenities. At Plantronics, the company serves employees a breakfast of ranch-style eggs, beans and tortillas. Price: 10¢. Other companies offer picnics, food baskets, transportation and housing allowances.

A Honeywell manager and workers in Ciudad Juárez, Mexico

Electronic parts for copiers, computers and space shuttles.

American union officials oppose the movement of plants to Mexico, fearing a loss of U.S. jobs. But proponents of the *maquiladoras* contend that inexpensive Mexican labor can actually save some jobs in the U.S. by keeping domestic companies competitive with foreign rivals. Says Teri Cardot, a San Diego consultant who advises potential *maquiladora* builders: "Mexican operations are keeping a lot of American companies alive. It's making the crucial difference."

A robust recovery of the Mexican economy, which would boost production costs, could jeopardize the spread of the *maquiladoras*. Said Enrique Mier y Teran, a *maquiladora* adviser in Tijuana: "We could all disappear overnight. Manufacturers would move off to Haiti or Colombia." But given Mexico's current economic plight, the *maquiladoras* can probably look forward to a bright *mañana*. —**By Stephen Koepp. Reported by Ricardo Chavira/Ciudad Juárez and Richard Woodbury/San Diego**

The wrong gasoline could void your new car warranty.

But using Amoco gasoline is a sure way to protect it.

Almost every new car manual you see today is warning against gasolines that contain methanol.

They warn that this cheap ingredient can cause performance problems and even damage your engine's fuel system. And, methanol added to gasoline will reduce your mileage.

One way to protect your warranty is to use Amoco gasoline. Because Amoco doesn't put methanol in any of its gasolines. None of them.

Amoco gasoline helps you keep your new car warranty valid.

Filling up at Amoco is the best way to ensure your new car won't be left in a void.

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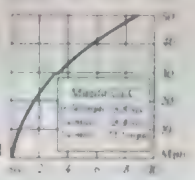
MAZDA GLC SEDAN. ONE ECONOMY SEDAN THAT DOESN'T ECONOMIZE ON PERFORMANCE.

As a general rule, economy sedans aren't thought of as being much fun to drive. Now here's an exception to the rule: Mazda GLC Sedan.



Although you get the convenience of a spacious interior, four doors, and a big trunk, the GLC Sedan also gives you outstanding overall performance.

Its 1.5-litre overhead cam engine provides acceleration that might surprise you, especially when you consider the exceptional gas mileage it offers.

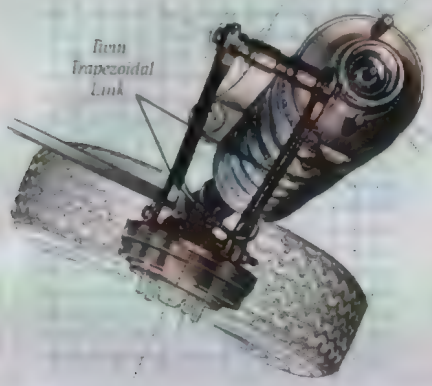
Its handling characteristics are enhanced by steel-belted radial tires, front-wheel drive, rack-and-pinion steering, plus a sophisticated 4-wheel independent strut suspension system that features Mazda's patented Twin Trapezoidal Link control arms in the rear.

If past experience has led you to believe that economy sedans are too tame for your taste, be prepared to enjoy a whole new experience at the wheel of the exhilarating Mazda GLC Sedan.

49 EST. HWY. MPG. **35** EST. MPG.*

No other 4-door "subcompact" sold in America offers more interior space than the GLC Sedan, according to the EPA. In fact, it has more room inside than a Rolls-Royce Corniche. Full cut-pile carpeting, deluxe upholstery, reclining front bucket seats, tinted glass, and a sculptured dash are all standard.

Mazda's patented Twin Trapezoidal Link lower arm is one reason why the GLC handles so well. As part of the rear suspension, its unique geometry causes the rear wheels to "toe in" when cornering or going over uneven pavement. This engineering feature helps give the GLC excellent directional stability.



Standard features include 5-speed overdrive transmission • Steel-belted radial tires • 4-wheel independent suspension • Rack-and-pinion steering • Power-assisted front disc brakes • Rear anti-sway bar • 60/40 split fold-down rear seatbacks • Electric rear window defroster • Remote releases for trunk and fuel-filler door • 2-speed wipers/washer plus intermittent feature • Wide body side mouldings • Trip odometer • Remote control driver's door mirror • Day/night rearview mirror • Front side-window demisters • Safety door locks • Maintenance-free battery.

Experienced drivers buckle up.

1984 Mazda GLC Deluxe Sedan

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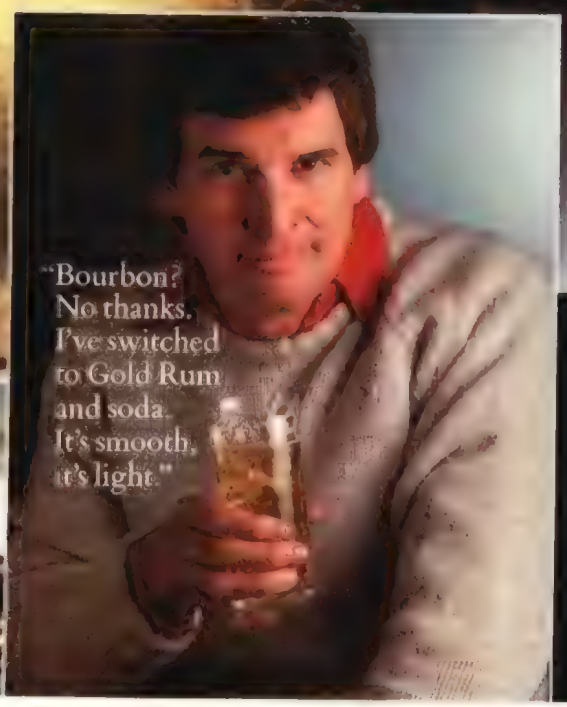
*EPA estimates for comparison. Your mileage may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Highway mileage will probably be less. Calif. 48 Est. hwy. mpg. (39) Est. mpg.
**Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Actual price set by dealer. Taxes, license, freight, options and other dealer charges extra. Price may change without notice. Comparisons based on 1983 information. For 1984 they may vary, as may availability of vehicles with specific features.

mazda

THE MORE YOU LOOK, THE MORE YOU LIKE.

MAZDA GLC.

Gold Rum. The first sip will amaze you. The second will convert you.



People everywhere are switching to Puerto Rican gold rum. Because it has the lightness people prefer today. Because it's so mixable.

You'll find that gold rum makes an exceptionally smooth drink—on the rocks, with soda or ginger ale, or with your favorite mixer.

If you're still drinking Canadian, bourbon or blended whiskey, it's because you haven't tasted Puerto Rican gold rum.

THE GOLD RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

POLY-PRESS

Brothers Jochen and Uwe Holy make suits for executives who want formality with a hint of flair

A Boss Look for the Boardroom

West Germany becomes a force in men's fashion

The pages of *Gentlemen's Quarterly* and other men's fashion magazines are filled with ads from top European names: Yves Saint Laurent, Pierre Cardin, Giorgio Armani, Nino Cerruti, Hugo Boss . . . Hugo Boss? Is he a French or Italian designer who changed his name to make it sound more macho?

Not at all. Hugo Boss is the name of a fast-growing company with headquarters not in the fashion capitals of Paris and Milan but in the small West German town of Metzingen, 19 miles from Stuttgart. Sales of Boss's stylish suits, sports jackets, sweaters and other men's clothing jumped 30% last year, to about $60 million. After years of rising popularity in Europe, the Boss line is now making inroads in the U.S. as well. Thanks to Boss, the country that gave the world BMW cars and Becks beer is becoming a force in high-fashion men's wear.

Founded in 1923 by Hugo Boss, a German tailor, the company concentrated for decades on the production of uniforms and work clothes. In 1967 two of Boss's grandsons, Uwe and Jochen Holy, took over the firm with the goal of moving it in a new direction. The brothers decided to make business suits for executives who want formality with a hint of flair.

Boss suits come in rich combinations of colors from blue to peach. They are cut to accentuate the lines of the body, but they eschew the pointy lapels and extra pockets of more extreme European designs. As a result, the suits do not look out of place at an executive board meeting. Made of top-quality wool, silk, linen and cotton from Italy, Boss suits cost from $200 to $300 in Europe and $400 to $500 in the U.S. They typically run about $100 less than suits made by such leading European designers as Armani and Valentino.

The Holy brothers have promoted their clothes to a new generation of fitness-minded businessmen. All the Boss ads feature a tall, square-jawed model who looks like a health-club regular. "We are completely aware that 70% of men's clothing decisions are made by females," says Uwe. The company also has recruited such top athletes as Björn Borg, the five-time Wimbledon tennis champion, and Jürgen Hingsen, the world-record holder and Olympic silver medalist in the decathlon, to wear the Boss line.

When the firm's suits first appeared in the U.S. in 1976, sales started slowly because customers doubted that high fashion could come from West Germany. Says Stephen Molnar, a Boss representative in New York City: "Even a garbage bag with the label MADE IN ITALY was more desirable." But now Boss seems to have found a market among the so-called Yumpies, the young, upwardly mobile professionals. Since 1979, annual sales in the U.S. have quintupled, to $4 million.

To attract young men who cannot yet afford a Boss suit, the company last year came out with a line of casual wear, including sweatshirts, jeans and sports jackets. Price range in the U.S.: $50 for a sweatshirt to $180 for a typical jacket.

Boss owes much of its success to the diverse talents of the Holy brothers. Uwe, 44, claims to be the marketing strategist, while Jochen, 42, keeps a watch on trends in fashion. "We're a perfect team," says Uwe. "Jochen has flipped-out tastes, and I've got commercial ones." Most important, they understand their market. Businessmen themselves, they know which office fashions will turn heads but not cause tongues to wag. —***By Charles P. Alexander. Reported by Lawrence Mondi/New York and Uwe Wolf/Bonn***

Video Wars

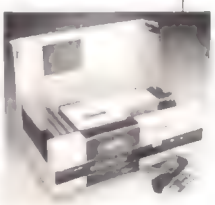
A new camera debuts

On prominent display in many stores this week will be a brand-new Eastman Kodak self-contained camera–video recorder, which uses narrow 8-mm tape. By Christmas the Kodavision unit will be joined by two more of the new generation of so-called camcorders: General Electric's Uni-Cam and a still-to-be-named Polaroid product. RCA has a system all ready to go, but is waiting to see how consumers respond.

This approaching battle among U.S. giants in the home-video-equipment field is a mere reflection of the war between Japanese companies. The Kodak and GE 8-mm camcorders are both made by Matsushita, while Toshiba created Polaroid's, and Hitachi is the source of RCA's. As many as ten Japanese manufacturers, including Sony and JVC, reportedly have their own version of the new video gear. They are closely watching American reaction to the introductions to decide when to bring out their products.

Japan already dominates the $8 billion home video market, producing 95% of all equipment. This year the Japanese will export an estimated 8 million video recording units to the U.S., twice as many as last year. Still, only 15% of American households have videotaping equipment of any kind.

Until now, camcorders have been limited to JVC's Video Movie and Sony's Betamovie models, both of which use half-inch tapes. Kodak's new 5-lb. 8-mm camcorder is designed to make filming of home movies easier. Another major advantage of the new models is a worldwide standardized format that will enable them to use any 8-mm tape; half-inch systems are not standardized. Kodavision sells for $1,600 to $2,600, depending on accessories, compared with $1,500 to $1,800 for those camcorders that use the wider tape.



Kodavision system

So far, however, Kodavision has got mixed reviews. *Television Digest with Consumer Electronics*, a trade newsletter, rates it "an extremely easy-to-use, easy-to-handle instrument but one that currently falls short of achieving the best possible results to be realized from the top quality half-inch equipment today."

Industry analysts expect the technical performance of 8-mm systems to improve as the camera is refined. Competition, moreover, could eventually force prices down by 30% to 40% and thus add greatly to the product's popularity. Indeed, a Sony spokesman has already predicted, "The 8-mm camera will in the long run become the mainstay of home video recording." ■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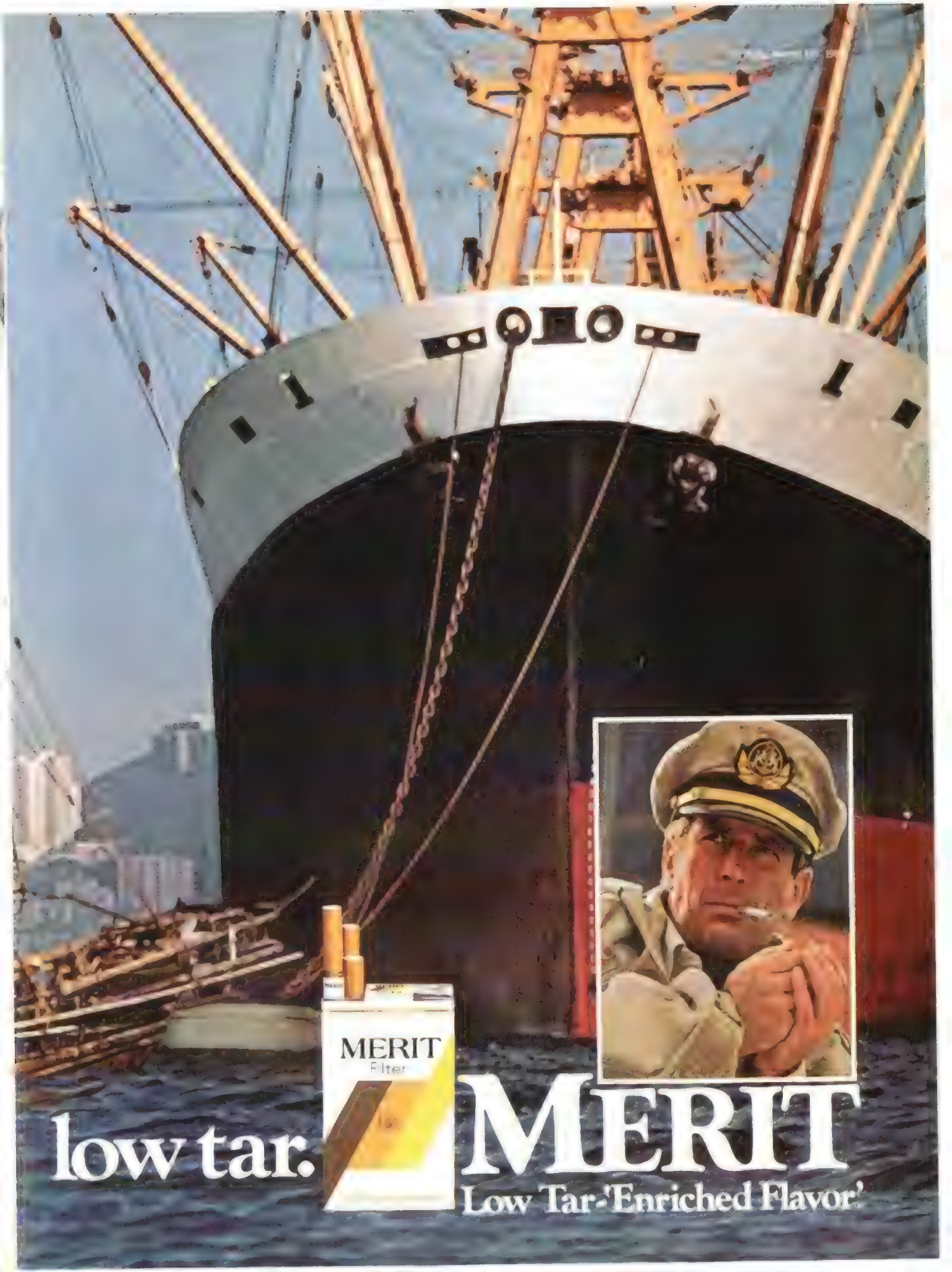
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Business Notes

SAVINGS AND LOANS

A Flamboyant Executive Exits

Charles Knapp, whose passion for vintage planes and daredevil business tactics earned him the nickname Red Baron, bailed out last week as chairman of California's troubled Financial Corp. of America (assets: $32.7 billion). The company is the parent of American Savings and Loan Association, the nation's largest thrift institution. Knapp says that he resigned voluntarily, but many industry observers believe he was pressured to leave by the Federal Home Loan Bank Board, which regulates S and Ls. Knapp's biggest mistake was to make too many fixed-rate loans that became unprofitable when interest rates rose in the spring. Partly for that reason, F.C.A. lost $107.5 million in the second quarter. Since July, jittery large investors have withdrawn more than $1 billion from F.C.A.

Knapp's successor will be William Popejoy, 46, a longtime industry executive who was president of American Savings before F.C.A. bought the thrift in 1983. Popejoy will have no time to ease into his new job. F.C.A. reported on Aug. 15 that it has certificates of deposit worth about $15 billion that mature by the end of September. Popejoy must quickly convince investors not to pull out all that money.

AIRLINES

Aloft on a Wing and a Name

RAY FISHER

Boarding when times were better

Air Florida's officers and employees have clung to the hope that the Miami-based carrier would fly again ever since it declared bankruptcy last July. But Air Florida will probably never return to the air. Last week the company announced a tentative plan to merge into Chicago-based Midway Airlines (estimated 1984 revenues: $140 million).

The agreement calls for Midway to operate four of Air Florida's seven Boeing 737 jets and to hire about 235 of the airline's 1,200 employees. The aircraft will fly under the name Midway Express to help rekindle confidence among Air Florida customers, hundreds of whom were left with worthless tickets when the carrier went bankrupt. Midway Express will offer inexpensive, low-frills flights instead of Midway's regular service, which is aimed at business travelers. The acquisition, expected to cost Midway about $7 million, will allow the carrier to expand into Florida and take over the Caribbean routes that Air Florida served. Provided the plan receives court and regulatory approval, Midway Chairman Arthur Bass predicts that the buy-out will enable his company to double its revenues in 1985.

LATIN DEBT

Giving a Big Borrower a Break

When ministers from eleven debt-ridden Latin American nations met last June in Cartagena, Colombia, they called on bankers to lower interest rates and relax repayment terms on the region's $350 billion in foreign borrowing. Last week a committee of 13 large lenders agreed to grant such key concessions to Mexico. In a major breakthrough in the relations between bankers and their Latin borrowers, the creditors' group decided to allow Mexico to retire nearly half of its $95 billion in debt over 14 years instead of the originally scheduled six. The committee, led by Citibank Senior Vice President William Rhodes, also consented to reduced interest rates that will save Mexico an estimated $500 million a year. Said one banker: "The Mexicans got a tremendous deal." Details of the ambitious plan are still being ironed out, and the agreement will need approval from 527 other banks with loans to Mexico.

Citibank's Rhodes

Similar concessions had been urged for months by Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker and International Monetary Fund officials as a means of aiding Latin countries like Mexico that have tried to solve their economic problems. If the Mexican plan proves successful, the next debtor to receive easier terms could be the region's biggest borrower, Brazil, which owes nearly $100 billion.

ECONOMY

A Flashing Yellow Light

In this Orwellian year of 1984, bad news can be good news, at least where the economy is concerned. The Commerce Department announced last week that the index of leading economic indicators dipped .8% in July after falling 1.3% in June. The report marked the first time since early 1982 that the closely watched barometer of future economic activity has dropped in two consecutive months, and thus suggested that the economy is slowing. Ordinarily, that would be a danger signal, but the White House welcomed the Commerce announcement as a sign that moderating growth will encourage interest rates to fall.

A break in borrowing costs would aid such industries as housing and autos. It might also help lower the lofty value of the dollar, which has risen to record levels because high U.S. interest rates have spurred foreigners to convert their money into dollars for investment in the U.S. A cheaper dollar, in turn, would help narrow the burgeoning U.S. trade deficit by making America's exports less costly and its imports more expensive. Figures released last week showed that the trade gap hit a record $14.1 billion in July and $74 billion for the year so far.

PACKAGED FOODS

Cookie Cloak and Dagger

Procter & Gamble is jealously proud of its Duncan Hines brand of homemade-style chocolate chip cookies. To guard the secret of its crispy-outside, chewy-inside baking technique, P & G patented it last June and then sued three rival food giants. The suits charged that the competitors have been using P & G's patented process to make "infringing cookies," and had spied at a sales presentation and at cookie plants, once even flying a plane over a facility under construction.

One of those companies, Frito-Lay, the maker of GrandMa's Rich'n Chewy, has now countersued P & G for trying to eliminate competition in the $2.4 billion-a-year packaged-cookie industry. While denying that an employee had misrepresented himself in order to filch secrets, Frito-Lay admitted that it sent a worker to photograph the outside of a Duncan Hines bakery. But, the firm said, the man's college-age son acted without its knowledge when he walked into the plant and asked for unbaked dough. Frito-Lay said it destroyed both the dough and the photos without scrutinizing either and sent P & G an apologetic note. Therefore, the company insisted, it had not been caught with its hand in the cookie jar.

TED THAI

Caught in a legal crunch

Press

Impropriety or Criminality?

*An ex-*Journal *reporter is indicted for stock market maneuvers*

Five months ago, R. Foster Winans, a writer for the *Wall Street Journal's* influential stock market column, "Heard on the Street," was fired after admitting to federal investigators that he had taken improper advantage of his position. Winans confirmed that he had leaked information about upcoming column items to associates, who then profited by buying or selling stocks based on advance knowledge of the stories' likely impact on prices. At the time, Winans, 36, described his role in the scheme as "stupid" and "wrong." Last week the Justice Department contended that what he did was also criminal and brought a 61-count indictment for fraud and conspiracy against him and two alleged collaborators. The charges rely on an unusual and, to many journalists, perturbing legal theory: that Winans had a "duty" not only to his editors but to his readers to disclose his interests in the stocks he discussed.

Winans: a constitutional test? *Journalists mull ethics.*

It is a generally accepted ethical rule that journalists must not trade in stocks they report about, especially under circumstances that would allow them to profit from the effects of publicity. But the notion of an implied contract with readers is potentially so sweeping and vague that attorneys representing organizations of reporters and editors, which have all but universally condemned Winans' conduct, said they might consider taking his side if he sought to have the indictment dismissed. Argued James Clayton, co-director of the Washington-based Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press: "There is no doubt that a reporter has an obligation to readers. The question is whether it is enforceable by the Government." A reporter who abuses his responsibilities, he added, "should be fired, not arrested."

Some legal scholars contended that the Government's case, if carried to its logical extreme, would force disclosure of the personal assets of reporters and editors. Said Floyd Abrams, whose clients include the New York *Times:* "The law has been clear for years. A governmentally imposed compulsion to say something in a newspaper is an unconstitutional price for exercising First Amendment rights." But Michael Missal, a lawyer for the Securities and Exchange Commission, said, "We don't expect every journalist to disclose all financial relationships." Instead, he explained, the Government's case is aimed specifically at efforts to grab quick profits triggered by foreknowledge of a particular story. A similar case, under investigation by the SEC, involves several CBS employees who allegedly exploited awareness of an upcoming negative story on the commercial sugar substitute NutraSweet by engaging in transactions that presupposed there would be a drop in the stock price of the manufacturer, G.D. Searle Co.

When the story of Winans' improprieties broke in March, co-workers suggested that he might have been the dupe of sophisticated traders and investment analysts whom he interviewed for his column. But in May the SEC charged in a civil suit that two stockbrokers who shared in the scheme, David Brant and Kenneth Felis, both then employed by Kidder Peabody, paid Winans $31,000 disguised as interior-decoration fees to his New York City roommate, David Carpenter. Last week's indictment charges that in the first half of 1983, before any arrangement with the brokers, Winans and Carpenter on their own speculated on stocks about to be mentioned in the column. They made a profit of $2,859.47 on an investment of $1,814.17 in American Surgery Centers Corp. and another of $497.59 on a $1,237.50 purchase of Institutional Investors Corp.

In contrast to these modest sums, the later scheme allegedly reaped almost $700,000 in net profits. Brant pleaded guilty to conspiracy and fraud in July, agreeing to pay a penalty of about $450,000 in profits, to give up the securities business permanently, and to cooperate in the prosecution of Winans, Carpenter and Felis. He was not included in last week's indictment, and is expected to be a prosecution witness. But a substantial question remains as to how valid the case will be. Officials of the *Journal,* which has been bitterly critical of Winans and the alleged plot, said last week that the paper may go to court to debate the indictment on constitutional grounds. The accused men took a more extreme version of the same position: whatever the morality of their actions, they were not illegal. Said Don Buchwald, attorney for Winans and Carpenter: "Our advice to our clients is that their actions are not violations."

—*By William A. Henry III*

The age of the test-tube baby is fast developing. Already science has produced an array of artificial methods for creating life, offering solutions to the growing problem of infertility. In these stories, TIME explores the startling techniques, from laboratory conception to surrogate mothers, and examines the complex legal and ethical issues they raise.

COVER STORIES

The New Origins of Life

How the science of conception brings hope to childless couples

A group of women sit quietly chatting, their heads bowed over needlepoint and knitting, in the gracious parlor at Bourn Hall. The mansion's carved stone mantelpieces, rich wood paneling and crystal chandeliers give it an air of grandeur, a reflection of the days when it was the seat of the Earl De La Warr. In the well-kept gardens behind the house, Indian women in brilliant saris float on the arms of their husbands. The verdant meadows of Cambridgeshire lie serenely in the distance. To the casual observer, this stately home could be an elegant British country hotel. For the women and their husbands, however, it is a last resort.

Each has come to the Bourn Hall clinic to make a final stand against a cruel and unyielding enemy: infertility. They have come from around the globe to be treated by the world-renowned team of Obstetrician Patrick Steptoe and Reproductive Physiologist Robert Edwards, the men responsible for the birth of the world's first test-tube baby, Louise Brown, in 1978. Many of the patients have spent more than a decade trying to conceive a child, undergoing tests and surgery and taking fertility drugs. Most have waited more than a year just to be admitted to the clinic. Some have mortgaged their homes, sold their cars or borrowed from relatives to scrape together the $3,510 fee for foreign visitors to be treated at Bourn Hall (British citizens pay $2,340). All are brimming over with hope that their prayers will be answered by in-vitro fertilization (IVF), the mating of egg and sperm in a laboratory dish. "They depend on Mr. Steptoe utterly," observes the husband of one patient. "Knowing him is like dying and being a friend of St. Peter's."

In the six years that have passed since the birth of Louise Brown, some 700 test-tube babies have been born as a result of the work done at Bourn Hall and the approximately 200 other IVF clinics that have sprung up around the world. By year's end there will be about 1,000 such infants. Among their number are 56 pairs of test-tube twins, eight sets of triplets and two sets of quads.

In-vitro infant Daniel Brooks at four months

New variations on the original technique are multiplying almost as fast as the test-tube population. Already it is possible for Reproductive Endocrinologist Martin Quigley of the Cleveland Clinic to speak of "old-fashioned IVF" (in which a woman's eggs are removed, fertilized with her husband's sperm and then placed in her uterus). "The modern way," he notes, "mixes and matches donors and recipients" *(see chart page 49)*. Thus a woman's egg may be fertilized with a donor's sperm, or a donor's egg may be fertilized with the husband's sperm, or, in yet another scenario, the husband and wife contribute their sperm and egg, but the resulting embryo is carried by a third party who is, in a sense, donating the use of her womb. "The possibilities are limited only by your imagination," observes Clifford Grobstein, professor of biological science and public policy at the University of California, San Diego. Says John Noonan, professor of law at the University of California, Berkeley: "We really are plunging into the Brave New World."

Though the new technologies have raised all sorts of politically explosive ethical questions, the demand for them is rapidly growing. Reason: infertility, which now affects one in six American couples, is on the rise *(see box page 50)*. According to a study by the National Center for Health Statistics, the incidence of infertility among married women aged 20 to 24, normally the most fertile age group, jumped 177% between 1965 and 1982. At the same time, the increasing use of abortion to end unwanted pregnancies and the growing social acceptance of single motherhood have drastically reduced the availability of children for adoption. At Catholic Charities, for instance, couples must now wait seven years for a child. As a result, more and more couples are turning to IVF. Predicts Clifford Stratton, director of an in-vitro lab in Reno: "In five years, there will be a successful IVF clinic in every U.S. city."

It is a long, hard road that leads a couple to the in-vitro fertilization clinic, and the journey has been known to rock the soundest marriages. "If you want to illustrate your story on infertility, take a picture of a couple and tear it in half," says Cleveland Businessman James Popela, 36, speaking from bitter experience. "It is not just the pain and indignity of the medical tests and treatment," observes Betty Orlandino, who counsels infertile couples in Oak Park, Ill. "Infertility rips at the core of the couple's relationship; it affects sexuality, self-image and self-esteem. It stalls careers, devastates savings and damages associations with friends and family."

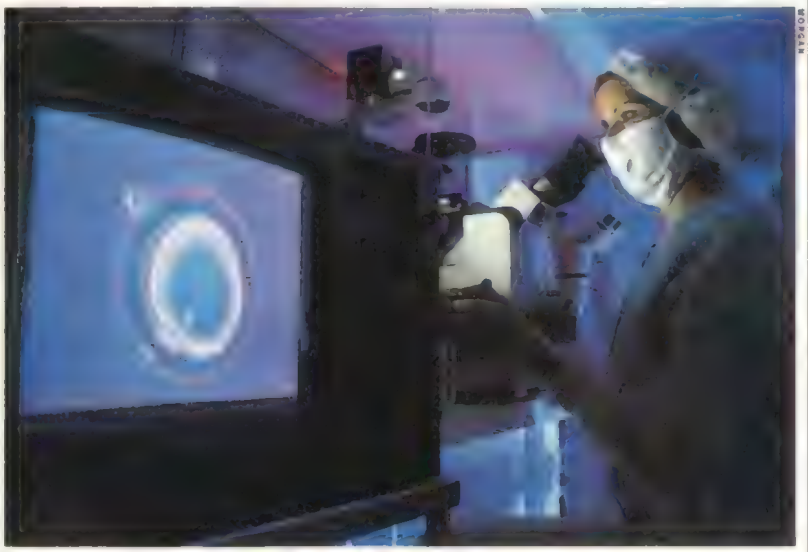
For women, the most common reason for infertility is a blockage or abnormality of the fallopian tubes. These thin, flexible structures, which convey the egg from the

THE BIG MOMENT: droplets containing sperm are added to waiting egg immersed in solution

HANK MORGAN

MARK MORGAN

Doctors at the Jones Institute remove eggs from the ovary via a small incision



MORGAN

The extracted fluid containing the tiny ova is then examined under a microscope

MORGAN

After the egg is fertilized, it is placed in an incubator for two to three days

ovaries to the uterus, are where fertilization normally occurs. If they are blocked or damaged or frozen in place by scar tissue, the egg will be unable to complete its journey. To examine the tubes, a doctor uses X rays or a telescope-like instrument called a laparoscope, which is inserted directly into the pelvic area through a small, abdominal incision. Delicate microsurgery, and, more recently, laser surgery, sometimes can repair the damage successfully. According to Beverly Freeman, executive director of Resolve, a national infertility-counseling organization, microsurgery can restore fertility in 70% of women with minor scarring around their tubes. But for those whose tubes are completely blocked, the chance of success ranges from 20% to zero. These women are the usual candidates for in-vitro fertilization.

Much has been learned about the technique since the pioneering days of Steptoe and Edwards. When the two Englishmen first started out, they assumed that the entire process must be carried out at breakneck speed: harvesting the egg the minute it is ripe and immediately adding the sperm. This was quite a challenge, given that the collaborators spent most of their time 155 miles apart, with Edwards teaching physiology at Cambridge and Steptoe practicing obstetrics in the northwestern mill town of Oldham. Sometimes, when one of Steptoe's patients was about to ovulate, the doctor would have to summon his partner by phone. Edwards would then jump into his car and charge down the old country roads to Oldham. Once there, the two would remove the egg and mate it with sperm without wasting a moment; by the time Lesley Brown became their patient, they could perform the procedure in two minutes flat. They believed that speed was the important factor in the conception of Louise Brown.

As it happens, they were wrong. Says Gynecologist Howard Jones, who, together with his wife, Endocrinologist Georgeanna Seegar Jones, founded the first American in-vitro program at Norfolk in 1978: "It turns out that if you get the sperm to the egg quickly, most often you inhibit the process." According to Jones, the pioneers of IVF made so many wrong assumptions that "the birth of Louise Brown now seems like a fortunate coincidence."

Essential to in-vitro fertilization, of course, is retrieval of the one egg normally produced in the ovaries each month. Today in-vitro clinics help nature along by administering such drugs as Clomid and Pergonal, which can result in the development of more than one egg at a time. By using hormonal stimulants, Howard Jones "harvests" an average of 5.8 eggs per patient; it is possible to obtain as many as 17. "I felt like a pumpkin ready to burst," recalls Loretto Leyland, 33, of Melbourne, who produced eleven eggs at an Australian clinic, one of which became her daughter Zoe.

According to Quigley, the chances for pregnancy are best when the eggs are retrieved during the three- to four-hour period when they are fully mature. At Bourn Hall, women remain on the premises, waiting for that moment to occur. Each morning, Steptoe, now 71 and walking with a cane, arrives on the ward to check their charts. The husband of one patient describes the scene: "Looking at a woman like an astonished owl, he'll say, 'Your estrogen is rising nicely.' The diffidence is his means of defense against desperate women. They think he can get them pregnant just by looking at them."

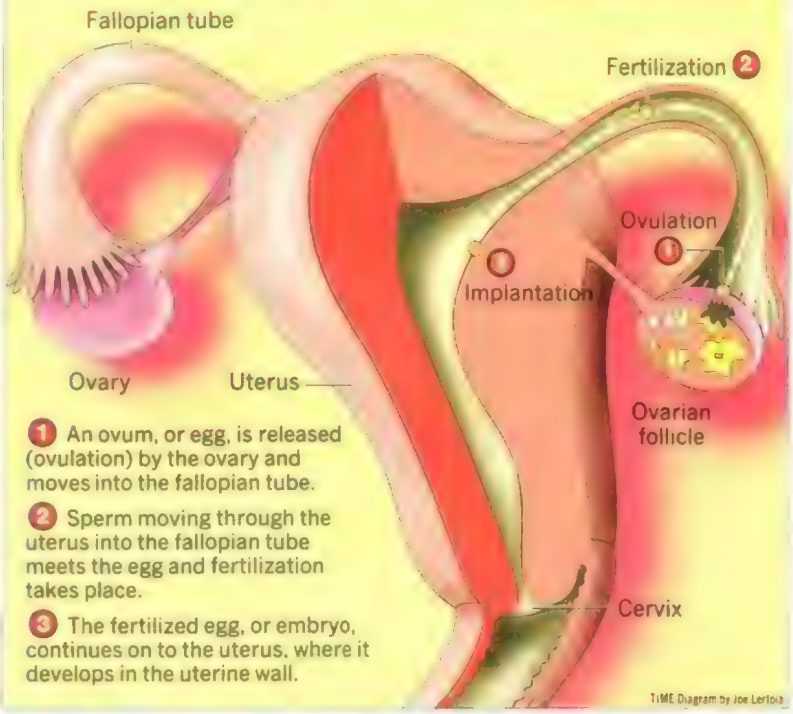
When blood tests and ultrasound monitoring indicate that the ova are ripe, the eggs are extracted in a delicate operation performed under general anesthesia. The surgeons first insert a laparoscope, which is about ⅓ in. in diameter, so that they can see the target: the small, bluish pocket, or follicle, inside the ovary, where each egg is produced. Then, a long, hollow needle is inserted through a second incision, and the eggs and the surrounding fluid are gently suctioned up. Some clinics are beginning to use ultrasound imaging instead of a laparoscope to guide the needle into the follicles. This procedure can be done in a doctor's office under local anesthesia; it is less expensive than laparoscopy but may be less reliable.

Once extracted, the follicular fluid is rushed to an adjoining laboratory and examined under a microscope to confirm that it contains an egg (the ovum measures only four-thousandths of an inch across). The ova are carefully washed, placed in petri dishes containing a solution of nutrients and then deposited in an incubator for four to eight hours. The husband, meanwhile, has produced a sperm sample. It is hardly a romantic moment, recalls Cleveland Businessman Popela, who made four trips to Cambridgeshire with his wife, each time without success. "You have to take the jar and walk past a group of people as you go into the designated room, where there's an old brass bed and a couple of *Playboy* magazines. They all know what you're doing and they're watching the clock, because there are several people behind you waiting their turn."

The sperm is prepared in a solution and then added to the dishes where the eggs are waiting. The transcendent moment of union, when a new life begins, occurs some time during the next 24 hours, in the twilight of an incubator set at body heat. If all goes well, several of the eggs will be fertilized and start to divide. When the embryo is at least two to eight cells in size, it is placed in the woman's uterus. During this procedure, which requires no anesthetic, Steptoe likes to have the husband present talking to his wife. "The skill of the person doing the replacement is very important," he says. "The womb doesn't like things being put into it. It contracts and tries to push things out. We try to do it with as little disturbance as possible."

The tension of the next two weeks, as

NATURE'S WAY OF REPRODUCTION



NEW WAYS OF CREATING BABIES

Ovum from mother · Sperm from father · Child born of mother

Ovum from donor · Sperm from donor · Child born of donor

AID: Artificial insemination by donor

1. Father infertile
2. Mother infertile and unable to carry child
3. Both parents infertile, but mother able to carry child
4. Mother infertile but able to carry child

IVF: In-vitro fertilization

1. Mother fertile but unable to conceive
2. Father infertile, mother fertile but unable to conceive
3. Mother infertile but able to carry child
4. Both parents infertile, but mother able to carry child
5. Mother infertile and unable to carry child
6. Both parents infertile, mother unable to carry child
7. Mother unable to carry child, but both parents fertile
8. Mother fertile but unable to carry child, father infertile

the couple awaits the results of pregnancy tests, is agonizing. "Women have been known to break out in hives," reports Linda Bailey, nurse-coordinator at the IVF program at North Carolina Memorial Hospital in Chapel Hill. Success rates vary from clinic to clinic; some centers open and close without a single success. But even the best clinics offer little more than a 20% chance of pregnancy. Since tiny factors like water quality seem to affect results, both physicians and patients tend to become almost superstitious about what else might sway the odds. Said one doctor: "If someone told us that painting the ceiling pink would make a difference, we would do it."

In recent years, IVF practitioners have discovered a more reliable way of improving results: transferring more than one embryo at a time. At the Jones' clinic, which has one of the world's highest success rates, there is a 20% chance of pregnancy if one embryo is inserted, a 28% chance if two are used and a 38% chance with three. However, transferring more than one embryo also increases the likelihood of multiple births.

For couples who have struggled for years to have a child, the phrase "you are pregnant" is magical. "We thought we would never hear those words," sighs Risa Green, 35, of Framingham, Mass., now the mother of a month-old boy. But even if the news is good, the tension continues. One-third of IVF pregnancies spontaneously miscarry in the first three months, a perplexing problem that is currently under investigation. Says one veteran of Steptoe's program: "Every week you call for test results to see if the embryo is still there. Then you wait to see if your period comes." The return of menstruation is like a death in the family; often it is mourned by the entire clinic.

TED THAI

At an agency, a couple searches for a surrogate mother

Many couples have a strong compulsion to try again immediately after in vitro fails. Popela of Cleveland compares it to a gambling addiction: "Each time you get more desperate, each time you say, 'Just one more time.' " In fact, the odds do improve with each successive try, as doctors learn more about the individual patient. But the stakes are high: in the U.S., each attempt costs between $3,000 and $5,000, not including travel costs and time away from work. Lynn Kellert, 31, and her husband Mitchell, 34, of New York City, who tried seven times at Norfolk before finally achieving pregnancy, figure the total cost was $80,000. Thus far, few insurance companies have been willing to foot the bill, arguing that IVF is still experimental. But, observes Grobstein of UCSD, "it's going to be increasingly difficult for them to maintain that position."

Second and third attempts will become easier and less costly with the wider use of cryopreservation, a process in which unused embryos are frozen in liquid nitrogen. The embryos can be thawed and then transferred to the woman's uterus, eliminating the need to repeat egg retrieval and fertilization. Some 30% to 50% of embryos do not survive the deep freeze. Those that do may actually have a better chance of successful implantation than do newly fertilized embryos. This is because the recipient has not been given hormones to stimulate ovulation, a treatment that may actually interfere with implantation.

Opinion is sharply divided as to how age affects the results of IVF. Although most clinics once rejected women over age 35, many now accept them. While one faction maintains that older women have a greater tendency to miscarry, Quigley, for one, insists that "age should not affect the success rate." Curiously, the Joneses in Norfolk have achieved their best results with women age 35 to 40. This year one of their patients, Barbara Brooks of Springfield, Va., had a test-tube son at age 41; she can hardly wait to try again.

Doctors are also beginning to use IVF as a solution to male infertility. Ordinarily, about 30 million sperm must be pro-

The Saddest Epidemic

Richard and Diana Barger of Virginia could be a textbook case of an infertile couple. Diana's fallopian tubes and left ovary are blocked with scar tissue, ironically the result of an intrauterine device (I.U.D.) she used for three years. Even if an egg did manage to become fertilized, the embryo might be rejected by her uterus, which has been deformed since birth. Richard has his own difficulties: his sperm count is 6.7 million per milliliter, considerably below the number ordinarily required for fertilization under normal conditions. Says Diana: "I never thought getting pregnant would be so difficult."

The Bargers are victims of what Reproductive Endocrinologist Martin Quigley of the Cleveland Clinic calls "an epidemic" of infertility in the U.S. In the past 20 years, the incidence of barrenness has nearly tripled, so that today one in six American couples is designated as infertile, the scientific term for those who have tried to conceive for a year or more without success. More than a million of these desperate couples seek the help of doctors and clinics every year. Women no longer carry the sole blame for childless marriages. Research has found that male deficiencies are the cause 40% of the time, and problems with both members of the marriage account for 20% of reported cases of infertility.

Doctors place much of the blame for the epidemic on liberalized sexual attitudes, which in women have led to an increasing occurrence of genital infections known collectively as pelvic inflammatory disease. Such infections scar the delicate tissue of the fallopian tubes, ovaries and uterus. Half of these cases result from chlamydia, a common venereal disease, and 25% stem from gonorrhea.

Other attitudes are also at fault: by postponing childbirth until their mid- or even late 30s, women risk a barren future. A Yale University study of 40 childless women found that after 35 years of age, the time it takes to conceive lengthens from an average of six months to more than two years.

Other surveys have found that such athletic women as distance runners, dancers and joggers can suffer temporary infertility. The reason is that their body fat sometimes becomes too low for the production of the critical hormone estrogen. Stress can also suppress ovulation; women executives often miss two or three consecutive menstrual periods.

Infertility is easier to trace in men, but often much harder to treat. The commonest problems are low sperm counts and blocked sperm ducts. Among all men, 15% have varicose veins on the left testicle, which can reduce sperm production. Certain drugs and chemicals such as insecticides can also lower sperm counts. A man's fecundity also decreases with age, although not with the dramatic finality of female menopause. Happily, the source of infertility in couples can be diagnosed 95% of the time, and half of all these cases can be treated.

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duced to give one a chance of penetrating and fertilizing the egg. In the laboratory, the chances for fertilization are good with only 50,000 sperm. "In vitro may be one of the most effective ways of treating men with a low sperm count or low sperm motility, problems that affect as many as 10 million American men," says Andrologist Wylie Hembree of Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York City.

While most clinics originally restricted IVF to couples who produced normal sperm and eggs, this too is changing. Today, when the husband cannot supply adequate sperm, most clinics are willing to use sperm from a donor, usually obtained from one of the nation's more than 20 sperm banks. An even more radical departure is the use of donor eggs, pioneered two years ago by Dr. Alan Trounson and Dr. Carl Wood of Melbourne's Monash University. The method can be used to bring about pregnancy in women who lack functioning ovaries. It is also being sought by women who are known carriers of genetic diseases. The donated eggs may come from a woman in the Monash IVF program who has produced more ova than she can use. Alternately, they could come from a relative or acquaintance of the recipient, providing that she is willing to go through the elaborate egg-retrieval process.

At Harbor Hospital in Torrance, Calif., which is affiliated with the UCLA School of Medicine, a team headed by Obstetrician John Buster has devised a variant method of egg donation. Instead of fertilizing the ova in a dish, doctors simply inseminate the donor with the husband's sperm. About five days later, the fertilized egg is washed out of the donor's uterus in a painless procedure called lavage. It is then placed in the recipient's womb. The process, which has to date produced two children, "has an advantage over IVF," says Buster, "because it is nonsurgical and can be easily repeated until it works." But the technique also has its perils. If lavage fails to flush out the embryo, the donor faces an unwanted pregnancy.

The most controversial of the new methods of reproduction does not depend on advanced fertilization techniques. A growing number of couples are hiring surrogate mothers *(see box)* to bear their children. Surrogates are being used in cases where the husband is fertile, but his wife is unable to sustain pregnancy, perhaps because of illness or because she has had a hysterectomy. Usually, the hired woman is simply artificially inseminated with the husband's sperm. However, if the wife is capable of producing a normal egg but not capable of carrying the child, the surrogate can be implanted with an embryo conceived by the couple. This technique has been attempted several times, so far without success.

The medical profession in general is apprehensive about the use of paid surrogates. "It is difficult to differentiate between payment for a child and payment for carrying the child," observes Dr. Ervin Nichols, director of practice activity for the American College of Obstetrics and Gynecology. The college has issued strict guidelines to doctors, urging them to screen carefully would-be surrogates and the couples who hire them for their medical and psychological fitness. "I would hate to say there is no place for surrogate motherhood," says Nichols, "but it should be kept to an absolute minimum."

In contrast, in-vitro fertilization has become a standard part of medical practice. The risks to the mother, even after repeated attempts at egg retrieval, are "minimal," points out Nichols. Nor has the much feared risk of birth defects materialized. Even frozen-embryo babies seem to suffer no increased risk of abnormalities. However, as Steptoe points out, "we need more research before we know for sure."

The need for research is almost an obsession among IVF doctors. They are eager to understand why so many of their patients miscarry; they long to discover ways of examining eggs to determine which ones are most likely to be fertilized, and they want to develop methods of testing an embryo to be certain that it is normal and viable. "Right now, all we know how to do is look at them under the microscope," says a frustrated Gary Hodgen, scientific director at the Norfolk clinic.

Many scientists see research with embryos as a way of finding answers to many problems in medicine. For instance, by learning more about the reproductive process, biologists may uncover better methods of contraception. Cancer research may also benefit, because tumor cells have many characteristics in common with embryonic tissues. Some doctors believe that these tissues, with their tremendous capacity for growth and differentiation, may ultimately prove useful in understanding and treating diseases such as childhood diabetes. Also in the future lies the possibility of identifying and then correcting genetic defects in embryos. Gene therapy, Hodgen says enthusiastically, "is the biggest idea since Pasteur learned to immunize an entire generation against disease." It is, however, at least a decade away.

American scientists have no trouble dreaming up these and other possibilities,

CYME—TALENTBANK OUTLINE

FROZEN-EMBRYO BABY: Margaret Brooks of Australia with John Brian James

TERENCE SPENCER

SURROGATE BABY: Michael and Gina Dodd of Scotland with Son John

TED THAI

IN-VITRO BABY: Janet Caputo of Georgia with Daughter Joanna Catherine

but, for the moment, dreaming is all they can do. Because of the political sensitivity of experiments with human embryos, federal grant money, which fuels 85% of biomedical research in the U.S., has been denied to scientists in this field. So controversial is the issue that four successive Secretaries of Health and Human Services (formerly Health, Education and Welfare) have refused to deal with it. This summer, Norfolk's Hodgen resigned as chief of pregnancy research at the National Institutes of Health. He explained his frustration at a congressional hearing: "No mentor of young physicians and scientists beginning their academic careers in reproductive medicine can deny the central importance of IVF–embryo transfer research." In Hodgen's view the curb on research funds is also a breach of government responsibility toward "generations of unborn" and toward infertile couples who still desperately want help.

In an obstetrics waiting room at Norfolk's in-vitro clinic, a woman sits crying. Thirty-year-old Michel Jones and her husband Richard, 33, a welder at the Norfolk Navy yard, have been through the program four times, without success. Now their insurance company is refusing to pay for another attempt, and says Richard indignantly, "they even want their money back for the first three times." On a bulletin board in the room is a sign giving the schedule for blood tests, ultrasound and other medical exams. Beside it hangs a small picture of a soaring bird and the message: *"You never fail until you stop trying."* Michel Jones is not about to quit. Says she: "You have a dream to come here and get pregnant. It is the chance of a lifetime. I won't give up." ***—By Claudia Wallis. Reported by Mary Cronin/London, Patricia Delaney/Washington and Ruth Mehrtens Galvin/Norfolk***

A Surrogate's Story

Valerie is a New Jersey mother of two boys, age two and three, whom she describes as "little monsters full of mischief." Her husband works as a truck driver, and money is tight. The family of four is living with her mother while they save for an apartment of their own. One day last March, Valerie, 23, who prefers to remain anonymous, saw the following advertisement in a local New Jersey paper: *Surrogate mother wanted. Couple unable to have child willing to pay $10,000 fee and expenses to woman to carry husband's child. Conception by artificial insemination. All replies strictly confidential.*

The advertisement made Valerie stop and think. "I had very easy pregnancies," she says, "and I didn't think it would be a problem for me to carry another child. I figured maybe I could help someone." And then there was the lure of the $10,000 fee. "The money could help pay for my children's education," she says, "or just generally to make their lives better."

Valerie: sharing maternal joy

The next day Valerie went for an interview at the Infertility Center of New York, a profit-making agency owned by Michigan Attorney Noel Keane, a pioneer in the controversial business of matching surrogate mothers with infertile parents. She was asked to fill out a five-page application, detailing her medical history and reasons for applying. Most applicants are "genuine, sincere, family-oriented women," says agency Administrator Donna Spiselman. The motives they list range from "I enjoy being pregnant" and an urge to "share maternal joy" to a need to alleviate guilt about a past abortion by bearing someone else's child. Valerie's application and her color photograph were added to 300 others kept in scrapbooks for prospective parents to peruse. Valerie was amazed when only a week later her application was selected, and she was asked to return to the agency to meet the couple.

Like most people who find their way to surrogate agencies, "Aaron" and "Mandy" (not their real names) had undergone years of treatment for infertility. Aaron, 36, a Yale-educated lawyer, and his advertising-executive wife, 30, had planned to have children soon after marrying in 1980. They bought a two-bedroom town house in Hoboken, N.J., in a neighborhood that Aaron describes as being "full of babies." But after three years of tests, it became painfully clear that there was little hope of having the child they longed for. They considered adoption, but were discouraged by the long waiting lists at American agencies and the expense and complexity of foreign adoptions. Then, to Aaron's surprise, Mandy suggested that they try a surrogate.

Their first choice from the Manhattan agency failed her mandatory psychological test, which found her to be too emotionally unstable. Valerie, who was Aaron and Mandy's second choice, passed without a hitch. A vivacious woman who is an avid reader, she more than met the couple's demands for a surrogate who was "reasonably pretty," did not smoke or drink heavily and had no family history of genetic disease. Says Aaron: "We were particularly pleased that she asked us questions to find out whether we really want this child."

At first, Valerie's husband had some reservations about the arrangement, but, she says, he ultimately supported it "100%." Valerie is not concerned about what her neighbors might think because the family is planning to move after the birth. Nor does she believe that her children will be troubled by the arrangement because, she says, they are too young to understand. And although her parents are being deprived of another grandchild, they have raised no objections.

For their part, Aaron and Mandy have agreed to pay Valerie $10,000 to be kept in an escrow account until the child is in their legal custody. In addition, they have paid an agency fee of $7,500 and are responsible for up to $4,000 in doctors' fees, lab tests, legal costs, maternity clothes and other expenses. In April, Valerie became pregnant after just one insemination with Aaron's sperm. Mandy says she was speechless with joy when she heard the news.

Relationships between surrogate mothers and their employers vary widely. At the National Center for Surrogate Parenting, an agency in Chevy Chase, Md., the two parties never meet. At the opposite extreme is the case of Marilyn Johnston, 31, of Detroit. Johnston and the couple who hired her became so close during her pregnancy that they named their daughter after her. She continues to make occasional visits to see the child she bore and says, "I feel like a loving aunt to her."

Not all surrogate arrangements work so well. Some women have refused to give up the child they carried for nine months. As a lawyer, Aaron is aware that the contract he signed with Valerie would not hold up in court, should she decide to back out of it. "But I'm a romantic," he says. "I have always felt that the real binding force was not paper but human commitment." Valerie, whose pregnancy is just beginning to show, says she is "conditioning" herself not to become too attached to the baby. "It is not my husband's child," she says, "so I don't have the feeling behind it as if it were ours." She does not plan to see the infant after it is born, but, she admits, "I might like to see a picture once in a while." ***—By Claudia Wallis. Reported by Ruth Mehrtens Galvin/New York***

"A Legal, Moral, Social Nightmare"

Society seeks to define the problems of the birth revolution

Alexander Morgan Capron, a sandy-haired professor of law at Georgetown University, stood at a blackboard in a hearing room of Congress's Rayburn Office Building and began writing formulas: the symbols represented ten different ways of making babies. The fourth formula that he chalked up read X_M & Y_D by AI with Gestation M, meaning that a married woman is artificially inseminated by a male donor's sperm. The fifth formula, X_D & Y_M by IVF with Gestation M, meant that the beginnings of life could be created through the uniting in a laboratory dish (in-vitro fertilization) of a woman's donated egg and a married man's sperm. Capron's final version—X_1 & Y_2 by IVF or Natural/AI w/embryo flushing with Gestation 3 and Social Parents 4 & 5—outlined how a baby could theoretically have five different "parents."

One reason why Capron resorts to formulas is that biology is now creating concepts of birth and parenthood faster than the standard English vocabulary can define them. As Capron testified before a House science subcommittee early last month, "Many of the new reproductive possibilities remain so novel that terms are lacking to describe the human relationships they can create. For example, what does one call the woman who bears a child conceived from another woman's egg? I'm not even sure we know what to call the area under inquiry."

The answers are sometimes rich in emotional bias. "In some places, it's called 'unnatural reproduction'; in others, it's 'abnormal reproduction,' " says Lori Andrews, a research attorney for the American Bar Foundation and author of *New Conceptions*, a guide to the new reproductive techniques. "We prefer 'artificial' or 'alternative reproduction,' " she adds. As for the increasing number of children born by these methods, there is no standard term at all.

The linguistic confusion echoes in the laws and theories applied to these various new methods of having babies. To some experts it seems nonsensical for such children even to be born at a time when high birth rates and burgeoning populations represent one of the world's most challenging problems. There are other paradoxes: the new techniques of fertilization are becoming almost commonplace, but there are no federal laws to guard against the dangers of exploitation and manipulation; nor is there federal financing to provide research guidelines. The state and local laws that do exist—many of them outdated—have sprouted into thickets of illogicality and contradiction. About all they have in common are moralizing judgments and a squeamish avoidance of controversial details. "It's a legal, moral and social nightmare," says Doris J. Freed, head of the American Bar Association's family-law section committee on research. "It's going to take years of debate, legislation, trial and error to figure out how to deal with these problems." Or, as Samuel Gorovitz, a professor of philosophy at the University of Maryland, summarized it for the House subcommittee chaired by Congressman Albert Gore Jr., "We have a patchwork of laws and gaps, stigmas, deprivations, uncertainties, confusions and fears."

LEGAL CONFUSION: Corinne Parpalaix with her lawyers; she sued to retrieve her dead husband's sperm

For example:

▸ Artificial insemination by donor (AID), or a woman being inseminated by a donor's sperm, has been widely practiced since the 1960s and has led to about 250,000 births in the U.S. alone, but the law is only gradually accepting it. A New York court ruled in 1963 that a child born by AID was illegitimate even if the mother's husband consented; another New York court ruled the opposite a decade later. Now 25 states, including New York, have statutes governing AID babies, recognizing them as the legitimate children of the mother and her husband (providing that the husband has consented to the procedure). Elsewhere, all kinds of consequences remain unsettled, however. After a divorce, can a sterile husband deny financial responsibility for an AID baby? Conversely, can such a husband be denied visitation rights?

▸ In-vitro fertilization (IVF) now accounts for about 100 babies in the U.S., but there are virtually no new laws to deal with this method of conception. In the wake of the 1973 U.S. Supreme Court decision legalizing abortion, however, many states passed laws forbidding or limiting "experimentation" with fetuses. Of the 25 such state laws, eleven specifically apply to embryos; doctors in some of these states fear that they might be prosecuted for carrying out IVF, particularly if the technique fails, as it does about four times out of five. And six states have laws that seem to forbid freezing an embryo, on the ground that this would constitute illegal experimentation.

▸ Surrogate mothers have been bearing other people's children since the late 1970s, and the number of such births in the U.S. so far totals at least 100, perhaps 150, but the law here is even more ambiguous. No state has a statute specifically dealing with surrogates, but about a dozen have been considering measures ranging from permission to an outright ban. At least 24 states have old laws generally forbidding payment to a woman who gives a child up for adoption, as a surrogate mother is expected to do. Moreover, private contracts between prospective parents and surrogate mothers may not be legally binding. Thus, if a surrogate refuses to give up a baby, or if the would-be parents refuse to accept it, the law offers no certain solution to the dispute.

These are only the basic complexities; the refinements are myriad. If a married couple can use a donor to help create a baby, for example, should a single woman who wants a child be allowed the same right? What about a lesbian, or a transsexual or a homosexual male couple? If a surrogate mother contracts to bear another couple's child, does she have a right to smoke and drink in defiance of their wishes? Does she have a right to an abortion? And what of the baby born through

such methods: Does it have a right to know its biological parents? Or even a right to inherit their property?

These are not idle flights of fancy. There have already been attempts by lesbians and transsexuals to acquire babies. And the varied fertility controversies that reach the courts are sometimes of a rending intensity. In New York City, for instance, a Florida couple named John and Doris Del Zio in 1973 became the first couple in the U.S. to attempt IVF. An infertility specialist removed an egg from Mrs. Del Zio, put it in a container and handed it to her husband, who raced across town in a taxi to deliver it to the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center. There, another doctor fertilized it with some of Del Zio's sperm and stored it in an incubator. The next day the hospital doctor was furiously scolded by his superior, Dr. Raymond Vande Wiele, who not only accused him of dangerous and unethical practices but also stopped the experiment entirely by unsealing the incubated container, thus killing the embryo. The couple sued the hospital and Vande Wiele and won $50,000 in damages. Yet when the hospital opened its own IVF program in 1983, Vande Wiele became its co-director.

In Michigan, Surrogate Mother Judy Stiver agreed to be artificially inseminated by Alexander Malahoff for $10,000. When the baby was born last year, it turned out to be microcephalic and mentally retarded. Malahoff insisted on blood tests that might show he was not the father. As a macabre touch, these test results were announced on Phil Donahue's TV show. They disclosed that Malahoff was indeed not the father; Stiver had had sexual intercourse with her husband at about the same time as the insemination. Now the baby is in the custody of the Stivers, and both sides are suing each other.

In Illinois, the first state to deal specifically with IVF, the legislature decided in 1979 to make any doctor who undertakes such a procedure the legal custodian of the embryo—and liable for possible prosecution under an 1877 law against child abuse. The result was that many Illinois doctors, though not specifically forbidden to perform IVF, refused to do so. The state attorney general said that most simple IVF procedures would not violate the law, so a number of doctors went ahead. Still, one couple, identified as John and Mary Smith, who have been married for nine years and have two adopted children, are challenging the Illinois attempt at regulation as unconstitutional. Their class action, due for trial in federal court in November, argues that such restrictions violate the fundamental right of "privacy," which the Supreme Court has proclaimed several times in its rulings on abortion, contraception and various aspects of procreation.

If the array of U.S. laws and regulations seems confusing, the legal wilderness abroad is totally bewildering. A group of West European justice ministers meeting in Strasbourg tried to work out some international policies on reproduction technology, but they gave up in despair. In Germany, where there are no laws either permitting or forbidding surrogate motherhood, a man in Bad Oeynhausen was fined $1,750 for advertising for a woman willing to gestate an embryo and then give the child up for adoption to a childless couple. Before he could find such a woman, he was fined because the law forbids any ads in connection with adoptions.

In Britain two years ago, Parliament established a 16-member committee of experts under Dame Mary Warnock to examine the social, ethical and legal implications of the new technology. Among its recommendations published in July: all clinics providing infertility services such as AID, IVF or egg donation should be licensed and regulated; research on embryos up to 14 days old could be permitted, also under license and regulation; but the use of surrogate mothers should be forbidden because such arrangements are "liable to moral objection." Critics on all sides did not hesitate to attack. A Roman Catholic spokesman called the practice of AID "morally unacceptable," while a newspaper columnist denounced restrictions on pregnancy as "ludicrously inconsistent." But unless such differences are settled, warned Sir John Peel, former president of the British Medical Association, society will confront "the brink of something almost like the atomic bomb."

MACABRE CONFLICT: Alexander Malahoff, right, with Surrogate Judy Stiver and husband on television

The most striking illustration of Europe's legal confusion is the case of Corinne Parpalaix, 22, a secretary in the Marseille police department, whose husband died of cancer last year after depositing sperm in a sperm bank. Parpalaix asked for the sperm so that she could be impregnated with it, but the bank refused on the grounds that the dead man had left no instructions on what he wanted done. The press clucked; the church frowned; Parpalaix sued.

French law offered little guidance, and so the whole case rested on exquisitely philosophical arguments about what the dead man's frozen sperm really was. An organ transplant? An inheritable piece of property? State Prosecutor Yves Lesec, siding with the sperm bank, argued that it was part of the dead man's body, even though separated from that body. The dead man had a basic right to "physical integrity," the prosecutor concluded, saying in effect that his widow had no more right to his sperm than to his feet or ears. Not so, retorted Parpalaix's lawyer. The deposited sperm, he argued, implied a contract. Somewhat to the surprise of legal experts, the court last month agreed, ruling that this "secretion containing the seeds of life" should be given to Parpalaix. "I'll call him Thomas," she said of her prospective infant. "He'll be a pianist. That's what his father wanted."

There are elements of absurdity in such a controversy, and yet it derives quite directly from a broader question that is not absurd at all: When does human life begin? At the moment of conception, say many conservatives, both religious and secular. The Rev. Donald McCarthy, of the Pope John XXIII Medical-Moral Research and Education Center in St. Louis, argued sweepingly before the congressional hearings that there is "no evidence of a threshold, a starting point other than fertilization itself, for the beginning of human nature." This is a standard argument against abortion, but McCarthy used it to endow every new embryo with a panoply of civil rights. These included a right not to be frozen, a right not to be experimented on, a right not to be destroyed, even a right not to be created at all except as a consequence of "personal self-giving and conjugal love."

Neither current law nor current custom supports such an array of rights, however. On the contrary, a pregnant woman's right of decision is generally considered paramount, at least during the first three months. Even so, says Professor Maurice Mahoney of Yale's medical school, every embryo deserves a certain respect. "I see it as an individual human being," he says, "not with the same claims and rights as a newborn baby, but at least as an individual who calls upon me for some kind of protectiveness."

No case encapsulates all the ambiguities more dramatically than that of the late Mario and Elsa Rios, a Los Angeles

couple whose orphaned embryos now lie in a freezer in Melbourne, Australia. Doctors there had removed several of Mrs. Rios' eggs in 1981, then fertilized them with sperm from an anonymous donor. Some were implanted in Mrs. Rios, and the remaining two were frozen. "You must keep them for me," she said. The implant failed, and the couple later died in a plane crash in Chile. Australian laws grant no "rights" to the two frozen embryos, but though local officials are believed to have the authority to destroy them, they have refrained from doing so. A state committee of inquiry is supposed to issue a report on the whole subject of reproductive technology this week.

The creation of extra embryos raises a number of delicate problems. Aside from the question of whether they have a "right" to be implanted (most experts deny it), doctors say they are needed for research. Some even favor creating embryos deliberately for the sake of research. But what exactly is "research"? Ideally, it is some experimental treatment that will help the embryo itself. Some states—Minnesota, for example—prescribe that any experimentation must be known to be harmless. A number of authorities also believe that experimentation should be limited to the first 14 days after fertilization. There are scientists, however, who chafe at such restrictions on their research.

Beyond the argument about experimentation lies an even more touchy controversy: eugenics, the idea that the species can be improved through selective breeding. Now that it is possible to create human embryos by a process of selection among donor eggs and sperm, is it desirable to leave that selection entirely to chance? In one sense, doctors are already applying eugenics when they screen donors for genetic defects, a standard practice that many feel should become a lot more standard. In another sense, they are engaging in eugenics when they select medical students as sperm donors, a procedure that one survey showed to be happening in 62% of artificial inseminations. Says George J. Annas, professor of health law at Boston University: "Physicians in all of these situations are . . . selecting what they consider 'superior' genes . . . They have chosen to reproduce themselves."

The institution that most nearly fulfills the dubious idea of selective breeding is the Repository for Germinal Choice, of Escondido, Calif., which announced at its opening in 1980 that it would use sperm donated by Nobel prizewinners. The repository has received the cooperation of only three such prizewinners and now relies on donors of less than Nobel stature, but Founder Robert Graham is as enthusiastic as ever. "We're proud of our results," says he of the repository's 15 children. "These kids will sail through schools. We are indicating how good human beings can have it."

Given a choice, most parents would probably prefer a bright child, but intelligence is hardly the only variable. Many sperm banks now offer prospective parents some options on what the collaborating donors look like, on the ground that it is preferable for the child to resemble its legal parents. From there it is only a short step before some parents try to choose blonds instead of brunets, or boys instead of girls. A German clinic in Essen claims that its sperm donors include "no fat men, no long ears, no hook noses . . ." "We can talk in impressive pseudoscientific terms about how we want to help society," says the Rev. Roger Shinn, professor of social ethics at New York's Union Theological Seminary, "but as long as genetic manipulation is the motive, what we would be doing is what Hitler intended to do."

SELECTIVE BREEDING: Robert Graham at his "Nobel" sperm bank: "These kids will sail through schools"

There are also tricky questions posed by the financing of the new technology. Dr. John Buster of the UCLA School of Medicine has been working since 1979 to develop a technique of embryo transplants for women who are unable to conceive but able to carry a child to term. The husband's sperm is used to impregnate a woman artificially; the embryo is then flushed out and implanted in the man's wife. The first two babies to be produced by this method were born this year.

"We called the National Institutes of Health in 1980, and we were told that no money was available for this work," says Buster. "The people who make these decisions are politicians, and they have to make those decisions to remain in office. After all, infertility never killed anyone." So Buster made an alliance with Randolph Seed, a surgeon, and his brother Richard, a scientist who had experimented in cattle breeding. The Seed brothers' Chicago firm, Fertility and Genetics Research Inc., invested $500,000 in Buster's UCLA project, and they have applied for a patent on the process. Despite criticism of this arrangement by a number of doctors, Richard Seed declares, "This is a typical free-market activity. We have investors expecting to obtain a return on their money."

In such a free-for-all atmosphere, the courts have been increasingly forced to intervene. A typical case was *Syrkowski* vs. *Appleyard* in Michigan. George Syrkowski and his wife had contracted to pay Corinne Appleyard $10,000 to bear his child, but a state court refused to recognize him as the father. Detroit Circuit Court Judge Roman Gribbs ruled in 1981 that surrogate arrangements are not for a court to approve but are "matters of legislative concern." However, Michigan has no state laws regulating the hiring of surrogate mothers, an omission that Richard Fitzpatrick, a Democrat in the state legislature, has been trying to correct for three years. His latest attempt is a comprehensive proposal requiring that all births involving third parties be covered by contracts, and that the "societal parents" (*i.e.*, those who plan to rear the baby) have "all parental rights and responsibilities for a child, regardless of the condition of the child, conceived through a fertility technique." At the same time, another Michigan legislator has drafted a rival law making all surrogate parenting a crime punishable by up to 90 days in prison and a $10,000 fine for a first offense. Both legislators hope the issue will come to a vote this fall—presumably after Election Day.

Political caution about what voters want—together with the legal uncertainties about invasions of privacy—are likely to continue to inhibit government action in a field where some guidelines seem sorely needed. Congressman Gore, a Tennessean with four children aged eleven, seven, five and two, is keenly aware of the mixed feelings that the new technologies can arouse. Says he: "There is something unnatural, even violent, about a procedure that takes a newborn from its mother's arms and gives it to another by virtue of a contract. But I don't think I'm in favor of outlawing it. The touching search for children may justify a great many things that make others of us who are more fortunate uncomfortable." ***—By Otto Friedrich. Reported by Anne Constable/Washington and Raji Samghabadi/New York, with other bureaus***

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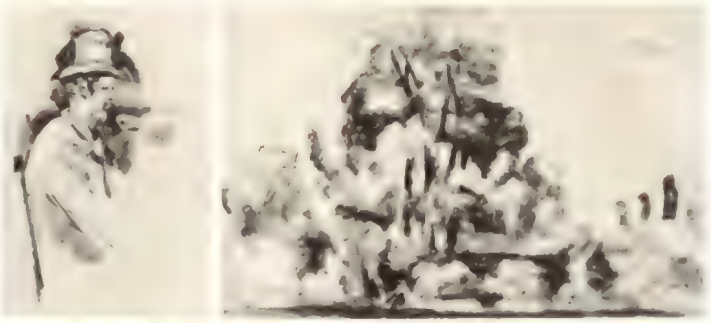

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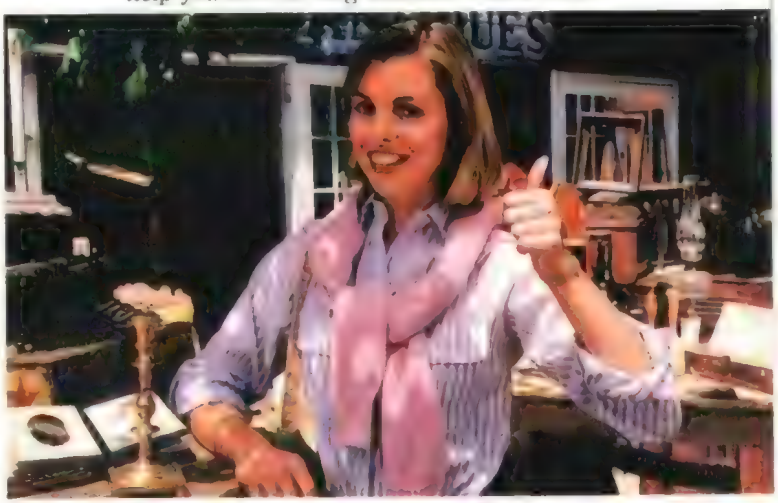

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People

In Hollywood it was being kicked around as "Bo's booboo." And for a while it did appear that *Bolero*, the latest eyebrow-raiser starring the original 10, **Bo Derek,** 27, and directed by Husband **John Derek,** 58, might never be released. The reason: Israeli Executive Producers Menahem Golan and Yoram Globus, who sank $7 million into the film, and MGM/UA, the studio set to distribute it, found the story of Bo's fling with a seemingly

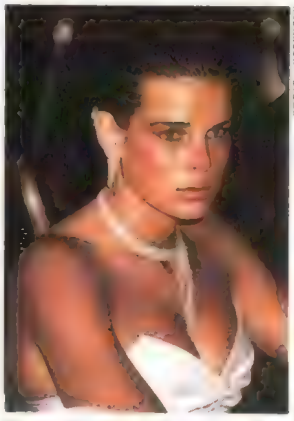
Off the shelf: Derek in *Bolero*

impotent Spanish bullfighter overstacked with single *entendres*. The Dereks were asked to cut some of the steamier scenes in order to avoid an X rating, and they snipped ten minutes of dialogue. After a compromise deal the film opened last week nationwide with a righteous 17-and-older restriction. After all, says Golan, "we and the Dereks don't make movies to keep them on the shelves. In Europe, this kind of film is considered Walt Disney."

■

The photographs showed a bikini-clad **Princess Stephanie,** 19, and **Anthony Delon,** 19, the bad-boy son of French Actor Alain Delon, frolicking on the beach "in tender insolence." But to Monaco's royal family the only insolence was in the behavior of *Paris Match*. The Aug. 17 issue featured an eight-page spread detailing the triangular affair of Princess, Delon and her longtime boyfriend **Paul Belmondo,** 21, son of the actor Jean-Paul. The palace went to court, claiming an invasion of privacy, but a French judge refused to stop publication. Huffed Nadia Lacoste, spokeswoman for the Grimaldis: "I don't think anyone tracks gangsters the way they go after the family." *Paris Match* returned the fire: "If one wants to be private," says Deputy Editor Patrick Mahé, "one doesn't go to a swimming pool on the beach at Monte Carlo." The *coup de grâce* came last week when the magazine featured six pages of swimsuits worn by such notable nobles as—*exactement*—Princesses Caroline and Stephanie.

Terms of endearment: Kinski with Mitchum and Savage in *Maria's Lovers*



Stephanie: indecent exposure?

"Men get intimidated by me. That is very bad." So sighs **Nastassja Kinski,** 23, about her failed romances. On screen, art imitates life. In *Maria's Lovers*, shown last week as the opening feature of the Venice film festival, Kinski plays the granddaughter of Eastern Europeans who is smitten by a naive Midwestern boy, played by **John Savage,** 35. While her sweetheart is away fighting in World War II, Maria becomes involved with another man. This sets the stage for what Kinski found to be "the most difficult scenes: where Maria's returned sweetheart cannot make love to her because he loves her too much. They become crazy from this." Eventually, Maria is forced to seek other suitors, played by **Robert Mitchum,** 67, and **Keith Carradine,** 35. They have better luck, but little staying power. Soviet Director Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky concludes, "Nastassja is very frail, yet very strong."

■

Courtiers at the U.S. Open in Flushing Meadow, N.Y., last week could easily get the impression that the only kind of purses women tennis players think about are the ones that go to the winners. Wrong. The proof lies in the pages of "Women in Tennis," a 1985 calendar produced by the Women's Tennis Association. It serves up 15 players from around the world, including **Martina Navratilova,** 27, and **Chris Evert Lloyd,** 29, in a flattering array of off-court couture. The profits from the calendars, priced at $10 each, will go to the W.T.A., which takes care of such things as players' health plans and tournament costs. Cover Girl Evert Lloyd thinks they might grant some additional benefits. Says she: "This way, people will be seeing women tennis players as women and not only as athletes." Evert Lloyd's colleagues obviously agree: there are already 68 applicants for the 1986 edition. *—By Guy D. Garcia*

Navratilova and Evert Lloyd modeling some winning sets and matches

Hail the Conquering Crooner

Julio Iglesias wants Americans to love him too

He pays $700 apiece for his jackets, but his trousers are always too short, just as they were when he won the contest that launched his singing career 26 years ago. He leaves the table if salt is spilled, and if he hears very bad news, he sends his clothes, underwear and socks included, straight to the incinerator. When he begins a seven-day engagement at Manhattan's Radio City Music Hall this week, Julio Iglesias will of course knock wood several times before he goes onstage. How else will he ever succeed with that fickle and unpredictable creature, the American audience?

The answer: probably the same way he has won over much of Europe, Asia and all of South America. He does not have the best voice in show business, or the most galvanizing or innovative style. But what he does have, an *exuberancia* of charm and sex appeal, would probably be enough to make even the croakings of Kermit the Frog sound like satin. For Iglesias, 40, all that machismo has done something more. It has made him the most popular singer in the world. The Spanish Sinatra, as he is sometimes called, has sold well over 100 million records in six languages.

His name has only recently become a marketable item north of the Rio Grande, but in much of the world, millions of faces, mostly female and mostly over 25, light up when he is mentioned. Feminine "ohs" reverberate from Madrid, where Iglesias was born and raised, to Montevideo. "He rouses middle-aged women, especially the depressed ladies with no dreams," says Italian Psychologist Erika Kaufmann. "When he sings, they come alive. I call him the sex symbol of the menopause."

What Iglesias has done, more than any other performer, is bring back to popular music the romantic style of the '40s and '50s. He is not androgynous like Michael Jackson, but neither is he aggressively masculine like Tom Jones. He is instead the elegant male, well dressed and sophisticated, but with a boyish, ingratiating smile, so dazzlingly toothy that, for safety's sake, it almost has to be viewed through smoked glass, like a solar eclipse. To keep the tan that has given his skin the color of a tobacco leaf, he has artfully arranged his schedule so that he is almost always in that half of the globe that is celebrating summer. When his 33-city U.S. tour ends Sept. 29, about the time of the first frost up north, he will race back to his $5 million home in Miami, then flee to the Southern Hemisphere and another round of engagements in South Africa, Australia and Latin America.

Right now he is intent on conquering America. Although he has made brief commando raids into the U.S., never before has he attempted to become the star here that he is almost everywhere else. "No non-Anglo Saxon performer has been able to sell music in America," he says. "I want to make a bridge between Latin music and American music that others can cross afterward. In the music business the U.S. is tops. A No. 1 song here goes all over the world. I have taken a risk in coming here, and I have put my challenge in front of everyone."

So far the gamble has paid off handsomely. Tickets for Radio City sold out in only a day and a half, as might be expected in a city with a vast Hispanic population. But he has also had sellouts in the heartland, where Spanish is still a language heard mainly in high school classrooms. "A year ago, someone asked me when I would consider myself a success in America," says Iglesias. "I told him I'd be happy the day I put 10,000 people together in Ohio. In Cleveland, I got nearly 20,000." His first album in English, *1100 Bel Air Place*, was released in the U.S. last month and sold a million copies in its first five days on the shelves. "Real Americans are coming to hear Julio now," says his press manager, Fernan Martinez. "He has shown that he's universal."

HORAN—PICTURE GROUP

The star flashing his trademark smile backstage last month in Illinois

Making it with a romantic style and an exuberancia *of charm and sex appeal.*

What Americans are seeing, and hearing, is nearly two hours of Mr. Universal. He jokes about his bad English, his age and gives an engaging Latin spin to sentimental favorites such as *La Vie en Rose, Begin the Beguine* and, of course, *As Time Goes By*. He demands little of either ear or eye, rarely even moving around the stage, and soothes rather than ignites. "The American people are looking for romance and class again," maintains his business manager, Ray Rodriguez. "Julio hit this country right when it needed him."

His relaxed performance is the result of endless discipline and labor, and Iglesias is rarely satisfied. "He always wants more—more love, more houses, more records, more success," says Martinez. His marriage of eight years was annulled in 1979, and although he remains devoted to his three children, who live most of the time with their mother in Spain, he has very little else in his life but singing, rehearsing and singing some more. He has four houses scattered around the world, but his real home is a Mystère-Falcon 20, which jets him from gig to gig. "Everything has to be quick for Julio," says Martinez. "Once he thought the water was too warm in his Miami pool. I offered to turn down the thermostat, but he said that would take too long. We had trucks dump five tons of ice into the pool."

He is never alone, yet he seems lonely to most who know him. Though there is frequently an attractive woman near by, his only real romance is in the lyrics he sings. Is he a sex symbol? He laughs and pulls up his trouser legs to reveal skinny legs above white socks. "Not when I look in the mirror in the morning," he says. "But my goal is to make people dream. When they see me onstage, their fantasy of me and the reality meet. I seduce them. But I must seduce myself first." ***—By Gerald Clarke. Reported by Elaine Dutka/New York, with other bureaus***

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Gabriel Cortez
Colombia
Age 4

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Mousse Is on the Loose

A quick, slick hair groomer is the wave of the future

PERLSTEIN—PICTURE GROUP

For "a tousled and layered look," Neinast gives *Dallas'* Howard a mousse make-over

Customers at the Stardust Beauty Salon in Dubuque, Iowa, used to laugh at it, and Owner Carolyn Fandman called it "mouse." Now, she says, "they're coming in with no appointment at all just to buy it retail." What has Dubuquers, along with millions of people from Boston to Beverly Hills, so lathered up? Mousse, of course.

Not a rich dessert, but a hair-styling foam, mousse is the headiest new performer in the $3 billion American hair-care market. Since French cosmetics giant L'Oréal introduced Free Hold to U.S. stores only last December, several brands have been rushed into what could be a $100 million first-year market. Some Los Angeles distributors are having trouble meeting the demand. Says Dallas Stylist Paul Neinast: "Everybody from high school kids to women in their 60s and 70s is using it. Tons of men are using it."

The reason: mousse works as easy as pie. With a pleasant fizz, the shaving-cream-like stuff is squirted from a can and combed through wet or towel-dried hair. After curling, blow-drying or hand-styling, moussers say, their hairdos are fuller, sleeker and easier to change than with sprays, setting gels or lotions. "Mousse helps your hair do what you want it to, with ease," notes Vidal Sassoon Art Director Steven Docherty. "You can get several styles, from a slicked-back Valentino look to a full, loose, curly look."

HUGH PATRICK BROWN

Heady performers

Mousse came along in time for the shorter, sculpted styles of the 1980s, which require more control than did the straight cuts or frizzy perms of the past decade. Cropped shapes are the rage at New York City's Kenneth salon, where some 500 customers are moussed each week. Says Owner Kenneth Battelle: "It adds structure to that particular look." Mousse also spruces up older styles. Neinast did two mousse make-overs of Actress Susan *(Dallas)* Howard's long, flyaway tresses. The result: "a tousled and layered look that's fuller."

Chemistry is the key to mousse's effectiveness. In the late 1970s L'Oréal scientists were searching for a combination to hold hair firmly without the stiffness of sprays. They discovered a foam (*mousse* in French) that could deliver two substances—one for body, one for manageability—which textbooks described as incompatible in a mixture. Some doubters claim the breakthrough is just a lot of air to puff up the cosmetics market. A few users complain that mousse leaves a residue and makes hair pack down. Millions of fans, however, swear by it. Carol Alt, a top Elite model who poses for mousse ads, is a convert. The best part, she says, is that her husband likes its pleasant almond fragrance.

Most moussers have been won over by practicality. Commuters like it because they can foam, comb and catch the 8:09 without fuss. Everyone saves time: a moussing can take as little as three minutes. Says *Good Housekeeping* Beauty Editor Nancy Abrams: "Your hair does itself while you do other things." There are more than 30 brands on the market, and giants like Elizabeth Arden plan to introduce new ones within a few months. Prices range from $1.99 for 2½ oz. of Free Hold, up to $13.95 for 15 oz. of Helene Curtis' brand. There are foams for normal and fine hair and ones that contain jojoba, vitamin E and even mink oil. Alberto-Culver has a mousse for black hair styles; Conair's Jheri Redding line offers "flavors," such as chocolate for brunets and strawberry for auburn heads.

In an industry noted for fast fads, mousse is holding on. Some projections say it may be a half-billion-dollar market in a few years and could sell as well as conditioners. Mousse is already heady stuff among the salon set, and, says Conair Advertising Director Alan Cohen, "if the young people get hold of it, it's going to go through the roof." —***By J.D. Reed. Reported by Rick Bowers/New York, with other bureaus***

Hot Flashes

Do you beep here often?

Computer-dating services have scored well over the past few years, but it is difficult to take an electronic matchmaker into the street or to clubs to check out chance encounters. No longer. A Paris specialty-electronics firm called Promotions et Qualité has developed a device known as "le Flashing." The cigarette pack–size gadget fits inside a shirt pocket or purse and beeps insistently when it comes within ten feet of someone carrying another Flashing that has been tuned to the same frequency.

Not only does the signal promise to do away with opening lines and rejections, it may prevent gender gaffes. Four available wave lengths identify a bearer as being heterosexual, male or female homosexual, or interested in swapping partners with another couple. What if the Flashingee is only a 2 on a scale of 10? Easy, says Carmela Brunet, the 1959 Miss Germany who is the owner of Promotions et Qualité. "Just turn off your machine until he is out of range."

Since they first became available last spring in Paris variety stores and through newspaper ads, about 1,000 beepers have been sold. The purchasers range from *boulevardiers* to business executives. "You get the most sophisticated people," says Brunet, "and the most timid little men." Americans can soon tune in. Within a few months Flashings will be offered in Los Angeles singles clubs and through ads. Price: $110. As in Paris, buyers will also receive a hot-line number that they can call to learn where their Flashings are most likely to beep. Brunet is undaunted by Los Angeles' reputation as a sexual smorgasbord. The number of Flashing frequencies, she says, can be expanded almost indefinitely. ■

The car as canvas: James Roche's *The Bicentennial Welfare Cadillac*

Slick packaging: Rosenquist's *President Elect* and '63 Corvette

Design

Auto-Intoxication in Los Angeles

A new museum's look in the rearview mirror

American automobile production is only as old as the century: in that brief span the car has probably changed our lives as much as any invention in all the previous epochs. It was time that some courageous museum looked in the rearview mirror and mounted a show to celebrate and lament those alterations. The exhibit is called "Automobile and Culture," and it is housed in the new Los Angeles Museum of Contemporary Art (MOCA).

Warehoused might be a more appropriate term. In an old factory in downtown Los Angeles that has been remodeled to give the effect of a vast, raw artist's studio, some 30 antique and modern cars are displayed like icons. Around the Pierce Arrows, Packards and Mercedes-Benzes are nearly 200 paintings, graphics, sculptures and photographs dedicated to what Historian Lewis Mumford called our "mechanical mistress." The exhibit amounts to a striking critique of industrial society as well as the vehicles it has produced.

In the early years of the century, the avant-garde reacted to the automobile with an enthusiasm that now seems as obsolete as the hand crank. In 1909 the poet Filippo Tommaso Marinetti decided that "the world's magnificence has been enriched by a new beauty: the beauty of speed. A racing car is more beautiful than the *Victory of Samothrace.*" Fellow Futurist Antonio Sant'Elia drew plans for a utopia of skyscrapers pierced by freeway ramps built of concrete and gleaming steel.

For a generation, the horseless carriage remained an exclusive possession of the rich, an ideal object of conspicuous consumption, a perfect excuse for a dashing new wardrobe of matching goggles, cap and scarf. But in 1913 a mechanic named Henry Ford began turning out Model Ts on his newfangled assembly line. By the mid-'20s Ford was producing a car every ten seconds. Price: as low as $265. Mobility was suddenly within reach of the average family, and an egalitarian society was no longer some impossible ideal. Automobile ownership, reported Robert and Helen Lynd in *Middletown*, soon became "an accepted essential of normal living." Even in the abyss of the Depression, families clung to their cars as *the* American emblem of self-respect.

As the automobile won the public, though, its impact began to lose the artists. Diego Rivera, in his great murals *Detroit Industry*, showed the dehumanizing effects of assembly-line labor. So did Charlie Chaplin in his film *Modern Times*. Edward Hopper in *Western Motel* and similar paintings revealed the sterility of an emerging roadside culture. The architects, sympathetic to the potentials of technology, had a different view.

In the early '20s Le Corbusier, with his drawings of a *Contemporary City for Three Million People*, proposed a massive urban complex built to accommodate the automobile in, around and out of high-rises. At the 1939 New York World's Fair, visitors to the seductive General Motors pavilion rode in moving chairs through a 1,700-ft. display of vast expressways designed to effortlessly handle the projected traffic flow of 1960.

But, as the publication that accompanies this show indicates, by the time the '60s rolled round, cars were no longer seen as shuttles to paradise. They had become villains responsible for turning America into a dystopia. Autos were described as gas guzzlers, road eaters, monsters that plunder the countryside. They had brought about a nation scarred with billboards, motels and drive-in restaurants, banks and even churches. When Joni Mitchell sang, "They paved paradise and put up a parking lot," millions of listeners joined in the chorus.

"Automobile and Culture" is more concerned with the social impact of the automobile than its beautiful past or enormous possibilities. The show does not shy away from depredation. Indeed, a viewer who concentrates only on the contemporary seems besieged by editorials in oil, metal and emulsion paper.

Larry Rivers depicts *The Accident* in a curiously detached, deadpan manner. The faces on scores of superb photographs are filled with ennui. James Rosenquist's 1960-61 billboard-like painting *President Elect* portrays John F. Kennedy as metallic, slick and cold as the 1963 Corvette.

Although the violence of car crashes is grimly depicted in Carlos Almaraz's expressionistic, fiery canvas *Beach Crash*, other artists are obsessed more with the auto's effect on collisions of male and female. E.E. Cummings describes the delicate and bittersweet technique of breaking in a new car as analogous to making love to a vir-

Beer and passion: Edward Kienholz's *Back Seat Dodge '38*

Photographs for TIME by Michael Slaughter

gin. Chicano Artist Luis Jimenez's pastel study for his sculpture *The American Dream* shows a car, as Gerald Silk describes it in the museum publication, "ravishing a voluptuous nude female; breasts rhyme visually with hubcaps and headlights, hair with fenders, belly and buttocks with hood and trunk." Edward Kienholz's sculpture *Back Seat Dodge '38* shows a truncated car, its front seat removed. In the back, a chicken-wire man and plaster woman are wrapped in beer bottles and each other. The license plate reads C692, EVERYWHERE, USA.

Arman's *Parking*

As the show repeatedly indicates, artists have contributed little to the design of the automobile itself. Architects, though, have occasionally gone to the drawing board to produce their visions of a well-designed vehicle; in 1928 Le Corbusier and Pierre Jeanneret proposed a clever small car that was never produced. In the '30s Bauhaus Founder Walter Gropius designed various solid-looking bodies for Adler luxury convertibles. American artists instead used standard models as a kind of canvas or armature. Examples: the aggressive *Pegasus* by James Croak, featuring a stuffed horse with paper wings crashing through the metal roof of another '63 Chevrolet; *The Bicentennial Welfare Cadillac* by James Roche, decked out with mirrors and flags; and *Ghetto Blaster* by Scott Prescott, an Impala converted into a menacing gray tank. French Sculptor Arman has a towering indictment: his *Long Term Parking* piles 60 cars on top of one another and embeds them in concrete (MOCA shows a model).

These broadsides are often as strident as a traffic jam at the end of the world. But the message is countered by the displays of old automobiles built at a time when progress was desirable, not threatening. There is, after all, nothing inherently wrong with mobility, and for many Americans, the freedom granted by the car has been an unwritten codicil of the Declaration of Independence. The naive but still appealing designs of the futurists, the lines of the classic cars, retain the power to move an audience. They still raise hopes that manufacturers and city planners can yet produce excellence instead of excess, livability instead of untrammeled automobility.

The machine in the garden, the beautiful conveyance and its disturbing effect, is a central theme of the show and a dilemma of the 20th century. Will the automobile drive us to distraction or delight? This exhibition provides no answers, but it poses some of the most provocative questions of the year.

—*By Wolf Von Eckardt*

Milestones

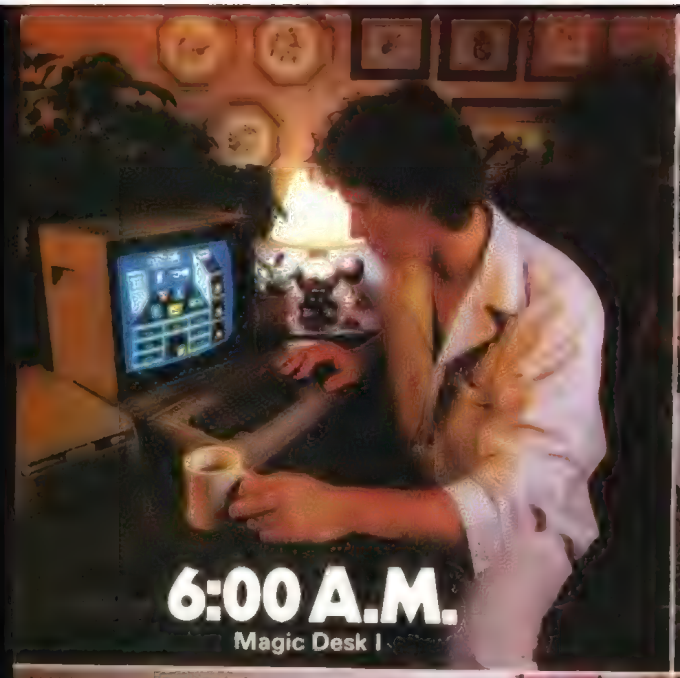
HOSPITALIZED. Jean Harris, 61, former school headmistress now serving a 15-year-to-life sentence for killing Scarsdale Diet Doctor Herman Tarnower; after suffering a heart attack at the Bedford Hills Correctional Facility, where she has been incarcerated since 1981; in Valhalla, N.Y.

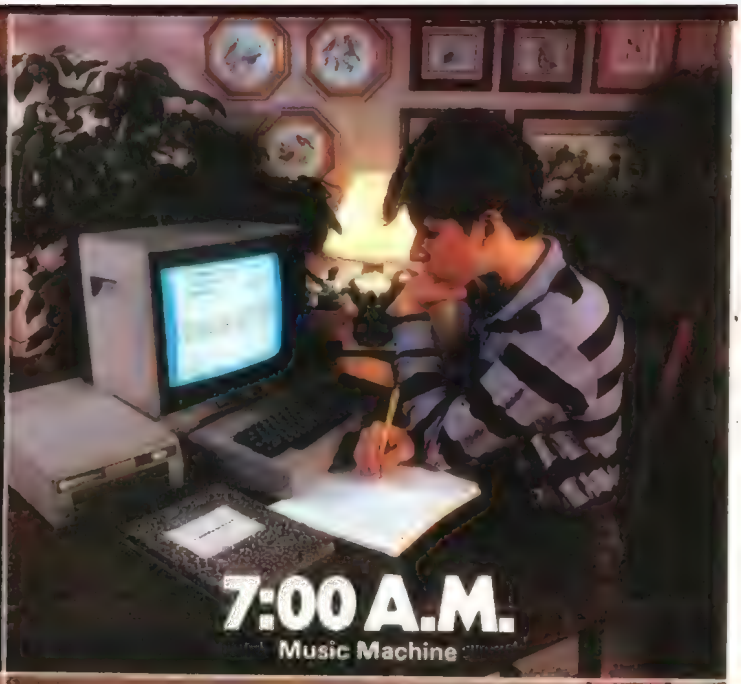
DIED. Pierre Gemayel, 78, courtly, shrewd and strong-willed political chieftain of Lebanon's Christians, a key powerbroker in the country's factional political strife, and father of President Amin Gemayel and his brother Bashir, who was killed in 1982 before he could assume the presidency; of a heart attack; in Bikfaya, Lebanon. He helped found the right-wing Phalange Party in 1936 to protect the interests of Maronite Christians from submergence by Islam and a year later assumed its leadership; he fought French colonialists, Muslim rivals, Christian competitors, Syrians and Palestinians, and he survived several assassination attempts. In the 1960s he held various Cabinet posts, and for the past five months, he had served in the "last chance" government of national unity. His death deprives Lebanon's Christian minority of its most powerful leader at a time when its hold on power is being challenged by the increasingly dominant Muslim community.

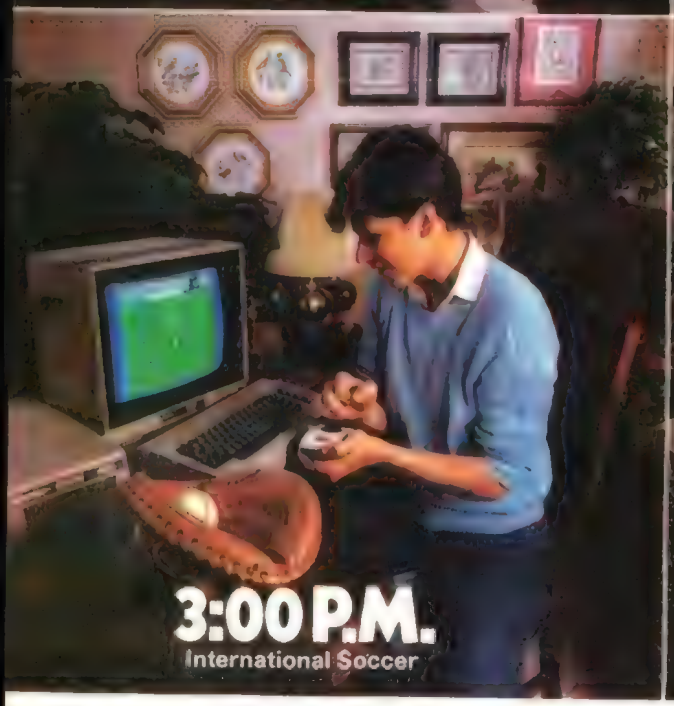
DIED. Muhammad Naguib, 83, Egyptian army officer who in 1952 became the country's first President and, briefly, a national hero after a bloodless coup toppled King

Farouk; of cirrhosis of the liver; in Cairo. A hero of Egypt's 1948 war with Israel, Naguib was recruited to lead a movement of dissident younger officers, including Gamal Abdel Nasser and Anwar Sadat, aimed at ending the monarchy; after the revolution Naguib was named commander in chief of the armed forces and, later, Prime Minister and President. But he soon ran afoul of Nasser; in 1954 he was forced out of office and placed under house arrest, where he remained until freed by Sadat after Nasser's death.

DIED. Lawrence Shehan, 86, Roman Catholic Cardinal since 1965 and retired Archbishop of Baltimore and an eloquent advocate of civil rights and ecumenism; in Baltimore. He was ordained in 1922, consecrated a bishop in 1945, and named Archbishop of his home town in 1961. He quickly ordered the desegregation of all schools and other institutions under his jurisdiction, and in 1963 took part in the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr.'s march on Washington. A strong believer in reconciliation between Catholicism and other faiths, including Judaism, he spoke in an Orthodox synagogue in 1965 and served in the Vatican Secretariat for Christian Unity.







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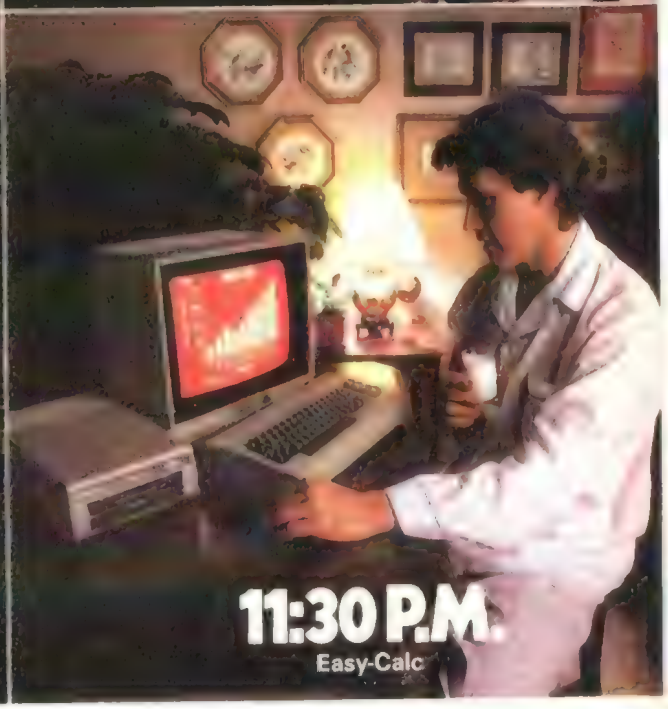

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"I Was Beheaded in the 1700s"

Reincarnation is alive and well in Hollywood

Glenn Ford was a Christian martyr, eaten by a lion. Loretta Lynn was a Cherokee princess and a mistress of one of the King Georges, she is not sure which. Shirley MacLaine and Sylvester Stallone were both beheaded, she by Louis XV, he during the French Revolution. Stallone thinks he may have been a monkey in Guatemala, and MacLaine is sure she was a prostitute in a previous life.

CUTLER—GLOBE PHOTOS

Anne Francis

HAYMAN—SHOOTING STAR

Glenn Ford

Many Hollywood stars and other celebrities are firm believers in reincarnation. With the aid of mediums and hypnotists, some of whom specialize in regressing people back to the distant past, they have tracked down what they say are some basic facts about previous lives.

How did Celluloid City manage to produce such a crop of reincarnationists? One answer is that stars may not be more numerous in the field than ordinary folk, only more visible. A 1982 Gallup poll showed that 23% of Americans believe in reincarnation. Another answer is that actors inhabit other people's lives for a living, and may be more likely than most to conclude that they had roles in previous centuries. Then there is the geographic theory: California is rich in past-lives gurus, mediums and cultists. "From what I hear about California," says Bruce Goldberg, a dentist and past-lives therapist in Baltimore, "saying you have lived before is almost the equivalent of saying, 'You're a Leo; I'm a Scorpio.' "

Sensing the market, the *National Enquirer* hired Pittsburgh Hypnotist Ralph Grossi for flights to Hollywood, where he unfurled the past lives of actors through trances. Most of the performers were young and impressionable or older character actors who presumably could use the publicity. Grossi thinks the actors are a tad more suggestible than ordinary people. Says he: "Stars are easy to hypnotize, simply because they are such positive thinkers." Anne Francis seems to agree. "Anyone who is artistically inclined," she says, "can tune into the vibrations of a certain period." Moreover, past lives can be helpful. Glenn Scarpelli, 18, of *One Day at a Time*, has been more confident since learning he was a Shakespearean actor in the 18th century, and MacLaine says her beheading cured her stage fright.

LEONELLI—SHOOTING STAR

Shirley MacLaine

The actress is one of the town's most outspoken believers. She has sought out trance mediums in California, Sweden and Peru. She says they all turned up the same facts: she has lived many times before as male and female. "I was definitely a prostitute in some lifetime," she says. "It's no accident I played all those hookers." She thinks her daughter Sachi was her sister in one life, her mother in another. Under acupuncture, MacLaine says, she learned that she was a court jester, personally decapitated by Louis XV for telling impertinent jokes. "I watched my head rolling on the floor," she says. "It landed face up, and a big tear came out of one eye."

According to H.N. Banerjee's 1980 book, *Americans Who Have Been Reincarnated*, Ford underwent hypnotic regression in the 1960s. In the sessions he discovered previous lives as a piano teacher in Scotland in the early 1800s and as a member of King Louis XIV's cavalry. A decade later, with the help of another hypnotist, Ford relived lives as a cowboy, a 17th century British sailor and a Roman Christian named Flavius who was tossed to a lion in the Colosseum. The experiences conquered his fear of death; it was "as though a great eraser had scrubbed it from my life."

SCHELLBORN

Loretta Lynn

Ford stopped by one evening to help Francis, another believer in reincarnation, when she was having trouble with mysterious *Exorcist*-style noises in her Brentwood home. A medium announced that Francis' adopted daughter was from Venus and said that the family dog had been cast into animal form as punishment for a heinous act in a previous human existence. The clatter stopped. Francis wrote in her mystical book *Voices from Home*, when she sent love and blessings to the entity causing the disturbances. MacLaine believes such trouble is caused by immature spirits expressing anger left over from previous lives. Instead of exorcism, she says firmly, "they just need to be loved, nourished and helped into the light."

Lynn is convinced she has lived at least six previous lives. Three of them she discovered on her own: Cherokee princess, an Irish woman and a rural American housewife. In 1980 a hypnotism session with two friends in Arizona brought memories of three more lives, as the wife of a bedridden old man, a male restaurant employee in the 1920s and a maid in the royal household of one of the King Georges of England. She had an affair with the King, she says, and died because she attracted the amorous attention of a courtier: "The King's best friend kept grabbing me and making love to me behind the King's back, and I was afraid to tell the King about it because they were such buddies. The King died before I did, and his best friend choked me to death." Lynn says she wishes she had not learned about previous lives because "one life is plenty enough for anybody."

Stallone, shortly after reading about the French Revolution, felt sure he had been guillotined by the Jacobins. When someone at a party said it must be awful to be beheaded, Stallone says he replied, "Oh no, it doesn't hurt. You don't feel anything—except your head hit the basket." Stallone thinks some of his talents hint at other past lives. "I can do American Indian dances, the eagle dance, for example," he says. "And I feel a very strong kinship with wolves. I won't bore you with wolf calls, but I've been able to go up to wolves in the wild and not have them dismember me." Unsurprisingly, Stallone wants to come back some day as a heavyweight boxing champion.

For some, belief in reincarnation starts with a déjà vu experience. At the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem, Lee Curreri of *Fame* felt almost sure he had been there in a past life. "There was no reason I should have felt akin to that place," he says. "I knew what the Wailing Wall was, but I didn't know what it looked like. I felt that in my memory I'd run through this place before." While shopping for antiques in New York City, Audrey Landers of *Dallas* came across an 18th century ivory box almost identical to one she had just made, out of wood, for her mother. The box came from France, and Landers had a recurring dream of living in a French city long ago. She has no interest in being regressed to a past existence. "I'd rather discover it on my own," she says. "I like having little clues pop up in my life."

Grossi insists that his stars are reporting authentic visions of the past, not just going with the flow. When he finished regressing Ann Jillian, he says, he stretched the actress across three chairs, pulled out the middle chair so she was supported only by head and heels, then sat on her stomach along with two helpful observers, one of them a 200-lb. woman. With all that weight on her stomach, he says, "there's no way she could be faking a trance." —*By John Leo*


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Dancing in the Outer Darkness

Two nifty new books tap the tangled roots of rock

Ooh! My soul! That's what the man said. Part spiritual and part sexual, that exclamation is about as neat as the package gets: a tidy summation of the worldly power as well as the almost religious delirium of good old rock 'n' roll. The phrase was popularized by Mr. Richard Penniman of Macon, Ga., who used it both as a song title and as a kind of revival call-and-response as he rocked, in concert, with the forces of Satan. Mr. Penniman, known to a wondering world as Little Richard, let blast with rock of such demented power, performed from the 1950s through the mid-'70s, that he seemed possessed of darkling forces. A chimney-high pompadour. Eye shadow, for God's sake, in 1956. Piano-jumping, speaker-climbing stunts onstage, along with dancing that was camp enough to get anyone busted in a back alley. Songs that sounded like nonsense (*Tutti Frutti, Long Tall Sally, Slippin' and Slidin'*) but whose beat seemed to hint of unearthly pleasures centered somewhere between the gut and the gutter. Ooh! My soul!

The Life and Times of Little Richard (identified in a subtitle as "the Quasar of Rock," should further amplification be required) chronicles, in no uncertain terms and in effulgent detail, both bouts with Satan and business with the Lord. The book (Harmony; $15.95) is the woolliest, funniest, funkiest rock memoir ever. It rambles from Richard's childhood in Macon to his current calling as a preacher for the Universal Remnant Church of God in California, with plenty of rest stops along the way, so that even the casual reader may catch a whiff of brimstone before, in the sermon that ends the book, great tongues of heavenly fire finally descend.

The credited author, Charles White, is a BBC disc jockey who goes by the name of Dr. Rock and has the good sense to go off-mike when the major talent is in the room. In only a little more time than it might take to recite the immortal refrain from *Tutti Frutti* (for the record, that's "Awop-Bop-a-Loo-Mop/ Alop-Bam-Boom"), the reader, reeling, will have plunged through Richard's accounts of childhood pranks (he defecated in a box and presented the result, gift wrapped, to old Miz Ola down on Macon's Monroe Street) and sexual initiation, which seems to have taken place about the time he learned to tie his shoes. There was Ruth May Sutton, who "used to be there in the school grounds at night, and the guys would run trains on her—six, seven, ten boys in a row"; and Madame Oop, who worked on the railroad and hung out "with another gay guy called Sis Henry." This unusual childhood led to a great deal of sexual confusion ("I just felt that I wanted to be a girl more than a boy"), a lot of guilt, but no apologies. Not then, not ever. The book is bursting with raunchy backstage tales of orgies, voyeurism, drugs and lust, which are balanced off by Richard's periodic attempts to reform and to seek out the Lord.

Whether it is for God or for the flesh, however, this book is full of fervor. There's a lot of preaching, but sanctimony can't even creep in the back door. Richard's descriptions of an earlier search for the Lord, when he forsook show business to study the Bible at Oakwood College, are rich not only in regret but in comedy, much of it knowing. "The elders didn't like me taking my yellow Cadillac on the campus," Richard confesses. "They had discovered that I was a homosexual, and I resented the discovery . . . They forgave me, oh, definitely they did forgive me, but I couldn't face it and I left the church."

He was back again, for good, in the mid-'70s, after giving himself up to dissipation and one last, long bout with the hard-rock life. The book concludes with a sermon compiled from various of Richard's exhortations: "[God] made Adam and Eve. Not Adam and Steve." And: "Take that Bible out of your trunk, and get up from those soap operas! Stop trying to watch *Search for Tomorrow* and search your Bible." Richard may not be making rock 'n' roll any more, but it's obvious the fire has not burned low.

The power of Richard's music, lowdown as it may have been, is, like his religion, essentially evangelical. Like a preacher, a rocker is always more effective smelling of sulfur than holy water, a point amply, lovingly and sometimes hilariously demonstrated by Nick Tosches in his *Unsung Heroes of Rock 'n' Roll* (Scribners; $18.95). "Elvis may very well have been the most important figure in rock 'n' roll," Tosches writes. "But had it not been for those who came before him, there would have been no rock 'n' roll." Indeed, most of the 26 pioneers chronicled in these pages were forgotten by the time Little Richard came leaping onstage. Wynonie Harris. Amos Milburn. Hardrock Gunter (who, at 33, joined the Army in 1951, "perhaps fearing a Chinese takeover of his beloved Alabama"). Jackie Brenston. Stick McGhee. These are what have been called roots artists, and they sang the kind of mean and raggedy rhythm and blues that still sounds rightly raw and impolite today.

When he is at full boil, Tosches writes the way Little Richard talks. Wanda Jackson, purveyor of 1958's excellent *Fujiyama Mama* ("When I start eruptin', ain't nobody gonna make me stop"), was simply "too hot a package to sell over the counter." Louis Jordan "made party music . . . in which every aspect of the expanding universe was seen in terms of fried fish, sloppy kisses, gin, and the saxophone whose message transcends knowing." Very hep and very fond, *Unsung Heroes* also includes an "Archaeologia Rockola," which can direct the untutored reader to such diverse selections as Brenston's *Rocket "88"* and a Johnny Mercer–Nat King Cole collaboration called *Save the Bones for Henry Jones ('Cause Henry Don't Eat No Meat)*. This book is so sharp about the music, and so tantalizing about some of the obscure material, that it really ought to have come packaged with a set of twelve records. Which way to the vaults?

—*By Jay Cocks*

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVE

Little Richard in his prime, 1956

SALTZMAN

Richard today, hawking the good word

Unearthly pleasures centered somewhere between the gut and the gutter.

Stained with a Different Darkness

THE CHRONICLE OF THE LODZ GHETTO, 1941-1944
Edited by Lucjan Dobroszycki; translated by Richard Lourie, Joachim Neugroschel and others; Yale; 551 pages; $35

Ghetto is an Italian word, but it is defined in German. In 1939 the Third Reich took the obsolete custom of separating Jews from the human community and gave it new meaning. No longer were there merely segregated facilities, suffocating laws and a curfew. By the '40s isolation had become a euphemism for what Nobel Laureate Nelly Sachs calls "Habitations of death . . . staining each minute with a different darkness."

The fate of one such ghetto has become an emblem of resistance: the Warsaw inmates, pitifully outnumbered by SS troops, battled with pistols, rocks and knives against tanks and cannons. In May 1943, along with the buildings that held them, the fighters were reduced to ashes. Monuments have risen to commemorate the uprising, and periodically a dwindling number of survivors meet to recall the martyrs and make the celebrated vow "Never again." But another ghetto existed about 75 miles from Warsaw and an eternity away from a deaf, distracted world. Hardly anyone, then or now, ever knew of Lodz. And yet it was there, in the second largest concentration in all of Europe, that some 240,000 Jews were crowded. Within the barbed-wire boundaries a microcosm arose. Children were born, stores were opened, a road constructed, hospitals set up, administrators employed, records kept. It is these records, miraculously preserved in private libraries and underground caches, that provide the first detailed portrait of a Holocaust society. In *The Chronicle of the Lodz Ghetto*, Editor Lucjan Dobroszycki, a survivor, presents an eerie and horrific scene told in terse entries, like a nightmare dreamed in pieces.

These are no Dostoyevskian rages scribbled in the flare of matchlight. They are collective efforts, calmly set down by a committee of professionals including a historian, an ethnographer and a Bible student. Because the daily reports could have been read by Nazi authorities, they are necessarily devoid of comments about jackboot cruelty or speculations about the neighboring death camp of Chelmno, less than an hour's drive away. But an undertow of agony tugs at the facts. That road, praised as "a monument to the ghetto's vitality," leads to a cemetery where more than 43,000 inmates, many of them children, will end their stay. Potato peels are a prized dinner item. Notes of suicides bracket a "highly successful symphony concert at the House of Culture."

The dark star of the *Chronicle* is one Mordecai Chaim Rumkowski, a character who might have tumbled from the pages of an Isaac Bashevis Singer novel. Installed as a leader called the Eldest of the Jews, he runs the ghetto with a lethal mix of egomania and compassion. No one can marry without his permission; no one is born or dies without his notice. Rumkowski orders postage stamps bearing his likeness; sycophants and fools dance in constant attendance. He seems fond of his charges, but he fully cooperates with the Nazis, supervises "deportations" that go directly to the ovens of Chelmno, and discourages rebellion of any kind because "nothing bad will happen to people of good will."


MENDEL GROSSMAN

A brief soup break: infants and ancients sacrificed to hunger and cold

No anti-Semitic caricaturist in *Der Stürmer* could have created a more grotesque figure. Rumkowski grows plump while others starve, collects scrolls and awards from the abject poor, noisily reassuring them that only he can resolve the temporary embarrassments of history. Naturally the record has only fulsome praise for the Eldest; after all, he oversaw the writing. But events betray the man. A boy of eight informs against his parents. A desperate police hunt is organized to track down three wandering fowls from a neighboring farm. Punishment for the theft of a shirt is two weeks' imprisonment; for two pairs of socks, one month in jail. The entry for Wednesday, March 8, 1944, dryly notes, "After the Eldest's proclamation concerning the surrender of musical instruments [to the Nazis], the owners immediately began to register them . . . Four pianos, all of them first-rate makes and nearly new, with a total value of approximately 7,000 marks, were bought for a total of 600 marks. Splendid mandolins, guitars, zithers, lutes, flutes, clarinets, saxophones, trumpets, cymbals, and so forth, were assigned an average price of 2 or 3 marks apiece. For all the instruments surrendered, the Eldest received a total of about 2,400 marks (the present market equivalent of roughly 2,000 saccharine tablets)."

Yet Rumkowski was not motivated entirely by greed and fear. All along, he apparently believed that by slowly feeding weak or ill Jews to the death camps he could manage to save the majority. As the *Chronicle* makes clear, it was a fatal deception. When the Red Army liberated Lodz in 1945, only 877 prisoners remained. Rumkowski was not among them. He had been sent to die in Auschwitz a few months before.

Unlike so many Nazi victims, the

Excerpt

"Saturday, November 6, 1943
There are great shortages, potatoes are not coming in. In these difficult days, one can observe people, equipped with bags and knapsacks, who suddenly appear. They are looking for something to eat, for anything that the owner forgot to harvest or did not consider worth harvesting: unappealing leek stalks or unsuccessful onions, small, stunted cabbage or shriveled kohlrabi. The hungry stomach is not fastidious, it wants to be filled. It does not covet lovely, highly nutritious fruits; the late harvest will do, no matter how scant it may be. Even a few beet leaves can keep one alive for an hour or two."

committee of scribes never made a secret journal in which their horror or fury could be expressed. Why were they content to note dispassionately the inadequacies of shelter, the sacrifice of infants and ancients to hunger and cold? It may be that they had an incomplete understanding of their own tragedy. Even Nazis as highly placed as Albert Speer testified that they could not fully comprehend the fate of the Jews: how could deprived, unworldly scholars hope to understand the meaning of the Final Solution?

Yet there seems a larger purpose to the keeping of these tear-stained records. Upon his arrival at Auschwitz, Elie Wiesel was told by an older inmate to resume his Talmudic studies because "otherwise in a month you will no longer know what having a soul could possibly mean." By closely, even coldly, examining their reduced circumstances, the writers managed to retain their souls and their sanity. Certainly these tractable, frightened men might have done more. In the end they do not appear to be recording angels of the Holocaust but only its cost accountants. Still, that role is powerful enough. It has been 40 years since the Lodz ghetto was shut down. One has only to glance at the headlines from the Middle East to know how high a price the world continues to pay for the crimes that were committed there.

—By Stefan Kanfer

Q. and A.

WRITERS AT WORK: THE *PARIS REVIEW* INTERVIEWS
Edited by George Plimpton
Viking; 414 pages; $22.50

The case against interviews with writers is historic: they exploit personalities, expose their subjects in verbal undress, without their styles hitched up, and they traffic in anecdote and gossip. This is also the case in favor of such interviews. And why not? How else would a faithful reader learn—as he does in *Writers at Work*—that Elizabeth Bishop, while a student at Vassar, ate from a bedside pot of Roquefort cheese at night to stimulate dreams for her notebooks, and once spent a night in a tree outside her dormitory? Or know about Carson McCullers' visiting Elizabeth Bowen's ancestral estate in Ireland and coming down to dinner on the first night in tennis shorts? Or get a firsthand description of the Ouija board sessions by which James Merrill and a friend have derived the material for three volumes of his poetry ("He puts his right hand lightly on the cup. I put my left, leaving the right free to transcribe, and away we go. We get, oh, 500 to 600 words an hour. Better than gasoline").


García Márquez

The *Paris Review* interviews provide a flexible medium for all this and more, and yet have evolved into a form unto themselves. They are the very model of the modern literary interview. Generally the interviewees are well chosen, the interviewers well prepared, the results well edited (a process in which the subjects nearly always collaborate, sometimes to the point of taking over the interviewer's role and inserting their own questions). They have been appearing in the quarterly *Paris Review* since its founding in 1953. With this new volume, the magazine's editor, George Plimpton, has assembled six collections of them between hard covers. Taken together, they add up to an intimate and engaging chronicle of contemporary literary life.


Rebecca West

As in previous volumes, some of the writers here do not so much expose themselves as assume a role. But the masks they choose are also revealing. Rebecca West, an actress in her youth, plays her interview like Dame Edith Evans doing a scene from Oscar Wilde ("You know, I don't really appreciate the Virgin Mary. She always looks so dull"). West is mischievously iconoclastic about famous authors as only one who has rubbed elbows with them can be. Shaw's was "a poor mind, I think"; Maugham "couldn't write for toffee, bless his heart."


John Gardner

Tennessee Williams imitates a monologue in one of his own plays as he spins out florid, ribald fantasias on his family life. His mother, Miss Edwina, screamed whenever she had sex with his father and believed that the rattle of garbage cans in St. Louis was a signal for a black uprising. At 94 she changed her name to Edwin and imagined that a horse had moved into her room: "She'd always wanted a horse as a child. And now that she finally had one, she didn't like it one bit."

For many of the writers, their chief literary capital and favorite topic are one and the same: their younger selves. West, astonishingly, started out wanting to write like Mark Twain. Stephen Spender, looking back, decides that "a lot of my poetry was spoiled by my not knowing how to write my own kind of poem. I think that I only really grasp it now." This, at age 69. Usually such knowledge comes only after youthful powers have waned, as Mexico's Carlos Fuentes points out. Reminiscing about the publication of his first book 23 years earlier, Fuentes says, "What energy I had then: I wrote that novel in four years while finishing law school, working at the University of Mexico, getting drunk every night, and dancing the mambo. Fantastic. No more. You lose energy and you gain technique."

Editor Plimpton apparently has aimed at topicality in two ways: by including, in a valedictory spirit, a sizable contingent of the recently dead (Bishop, West, Williams, William Goyen, John Gardner) and by gathering a small cluster of Third World writers. The extraordinary vitality of the latter's work, argues South Africa's Nadine Gordimer, comes partly from the fact that only under oppressive regimes can writers find true heroes, "people who voluntarily choose to put everything at risk." Fuentes stresses that Latin American and East European novelists have "the privilege of speech in societies where it is rare to have that privilege. We speak for others." The privilege is a burden for Colombia's Gabriel García Márquez, who finds that his worldwide fame has slowed his output to a single paragraph on a good day: "This upsets and inhibits me. It's like a million eyes are looking at you and you don't really know what they think."


Bernard Malamud

Many of the questions concern sources, structures, how many hours the writers work, whether they use a pencil or typewriter: all the quotidian details through which the envious and hopeful seek to catch some of the magic. The magic, of course, remains in the what, not the how. It is in the way Gardner pokes fun at modern nihilism by imagining a domestic scene: "Every night Samuel Beckett goes home to his wife, whom he's lived with all these years; he lies down in bed with her, puts his arms around her, and says, 'No meaning again today.' " It is in the characteristic pithiness with which Bernard Malamud defines what he learned, as a writer, from Charlie Chaplin: "The rhythm, the snap of comedy; the reserved comic presence—that beautiful distancing; the funny with sad; the surprise of surprise." In such remarks, which occur throughout the best of these conversations, language is "used and trusted," as Merrill puts it, "to ground the lightning of ideas."

—By Christopher Porterfield

Berating Marxism's "False Hopes"

The Vatican issues a challenge to liberation theology

Sweating profusely in the Nicaraguan heat on a March day in 1983, Pope John Paul II was forced to demand silence from a crowd of Sandinista hecklers present at an outdoor Mass in Managua. When Ernesto Cardenal Martínez, a Roman Catholic priest who also serves as Minister of Culture in Nicaragua's Marxist government, knelt to receive the Pope's blessing, John Paul wagged his finger in Cardenal's face and chided him, "You must straighten out your position with the church." These episodes, and his own keen observations during an eight-day-long visit to Central America, made a lasting impression on the Pontiff. He returned to Rome convinced that the time had come to deal firmly with the increasing conflict between the church and radical priests and nuns in Latin America, and indeed in the Third World in general. Most of those priests and nuns, accompanied by flocks of Catholic laymen, march under the banner of liberation theology, a radical attempt to fuse Marxism and Christianity in a struggle against social and economic oppression.

The Pope shakes a finger at Father Cardenal in Nicaragua

This week the Vatican is issuing a long-expected document that clearly challenges liberation theology and brands it in its more extreme forms as a perversion of the Christian message. Upholding the primacy of traditional Catholic teaching, the document aims at alerting "the faithful to the deviations . . . damaging to the faith and to Christian living produced by forms of liberation theology that uncritically borrow Marxist ideas." It declares that Marxism holds out the false hope that a revolutionary society will be a just one, while itself creating new forms of oppression. Those who aid such revolutions, it says, "betray the very poor they mean to help." The Vatican warns that radical theologians, by building Christian teaching around Marxist ideas like class struggle, distort the Bible, undercut morality and create divisions within the church.

The document reveals the acute dilemma that the church leadership faces. Even while it opposes the radical nature and methods of liberation theology, it supports the battle against social ills and injustice. Referring to Latin America, it condemns military dictatorships, corruption and economic exploitation. These ills, the decree says, "nourish a passion for revolt among those who thus consider themselves the powerless victims of a new colonialism in the technological, financial, monetary or economic order." And the logic and language of Marxism, it declares, are "incompatible with the Christian vision of humanity."

The decree is bound to disappoint and anger the leftist fringe of Roman Catholicism, especially in Latin America. It comes in the very week that Brazil's leading spokesman for liberation theology, Father Leonardo Boff, is due in Rome to undergo interrogation on his writings. The Vatican also faces a decision on what to do about the liberation-minded priests in Nicaragua, including Father Cardenal, who last week defied a church deadline for quitting government posts. The unusual haste with which the document was printed also indicates that John Paul wants to clear the air before next month, when he is scheduled to visit the Caribbean and Jesuit leaders in Latin America will hold a critical meeting.

Although the 36-page study was ordered by the Pope, it is being issued by the Vatican's Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith. The guiding spirit behind the text, and indeed the Vatican's champion against the radicals, is Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger, head of the doctrinal congregation. In the view of Ratzinger, and thus of the church Establishment, liberation theology has emerged as a major doctrinal threat to the church, particularly in Latin America, where 40% of the world's 784 million Catholics live. It not only has gained a solid foothold among scholars and lay activists but has the backing of important bishops as well. Similar ideas are spreading to the church in Third World nations on other continents.

Ratzinger: guiding spirit

While sympathetic to liberation theology's call for justice, the Vatican objects to priests' replacing the language of their faith with Marxist rhetoric, for example, using "class struggle" as a central concept. Thus some liberation theologians redefine Christian "love" to mean participation in the class struggle on behalf of oppressed peoples. Others, complains the Vatican document, turn the Crucifixion of Jesus Christ into a political event rather than a sacrifice to redeem humanity from sin, or argue that the poor should not attend Mass alongside the rich "oppressors."

The decree also sees liberation theology as posing a direct threat to the church as an institution: leftist theologians sometimes describe bishops as the overlords and the laity as the underclass. Church teachings are sometimes dismissed as "classist" if they do not fit revolutionary thinking. John Paul has irritated the far left by his insistence that the rights of the individual cannot be surrendered to the collective will of the state. The Vatican decree also protests the practical results of the revolutions that Marxist theory has produced: "Millions of our own contemporaries legitimately yearn to recover those basic freedoms of which they were deprived by totalitarian and atheistic regimes that came to power by violent and revolutionary means, precisely in the name of the liberation of the people."

There is no overestimating the seriousness with which Rome takes the more radical of the liberationists. Says a Vatican official who is familiar with Ratzinger's outlook: "There is the perception of a very grave danger and, equally, of the grave need to take remedial action." John Paul has now laid down a clear standard for political priests to follow. He knows better than anyone else that otherwise the church could face a period of profound, and protracted, conflict.

—By Richard N. Ostling. Reported by Roberto Suro/Rome

Mozart's Greatest Hit

From an unfilmable play, a grand movie entertainment

If mediocrity is the natural condition of humankind, then genius is the purest and rarest of diseases. Tortured writers, earless painters, mad scientists all live inside the quarantine of their own superiority, distanced by their difference from the world they illuminate and help re-create. To 19th century romantics the genius was a superman; to most of us today he may seem both more and less than human, an idiot savant, a freak of nature.

To Antonio Salieri, the 18th century Italian composer whom Peter Shaffer resurrected in fictional form for his 1979 play *Amadeus*, one peculiar genius was even more frightening: a precious gift and a malicious joke from God. The creature's name was Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart—"Spiteful, sniggering, conceited, infantine Mozart!" as the play's Salieri, his contemporary and rival, calls him. "I had heard a voice of God," the Italian mutters after listening to a Mozart adagio, "and it was the voice of an obscene child!" Salieri carried a double curse: to appreciate beyond pain or pleasure Mozart's genius and to realize that his disease was incommunicable.

As staged by Peter Hall, first at Britain's National Theater and then for long runs in London and on Broadway, Shaffer's play was an eloquent tragicomedy swathed in theatrical sorcery. Events in the crisscrossing lives of the two composers were summoned up as spirits—real, distorted or imagined—out of the crumbling mind of Salieri, a man convinced that he had murdered Mozart. Weaving Mozartian facts into the Salieri fantasy, Shaffer conceived his play uniquely for the stage. Surely there was no reason, no excuse for turning it into a film.

Milos Forman found a reason. The director of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* saw a way to retain the play's intellectual breadth and formal audacity without betraying the movie medium's demand for matter of fact naturalism. And he persuaded Shaffer, who had been disappointed by film adaptations of his plays, including *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* and *Equus*, to write the *Amadeus* screenplay, reshaping *Amadeus* from a madman's memory play to a more realistic musical biography. Recalls Shaffer: "It was like having the same child twice."

Amadeus the film dramatizes nearly all the major events in the last decade of Mozart's 35 years. His music, which in the play served only as an allusive *ostinato*, seizes center screen with significant excerpts from four Mozart operas, several concerti and the *Requiem*. As seen through the dealer's eye of the movie camera, Salieri looks like a sullen midget next to a Mozart monument; he is Judas to Mozart's Jesus, James Earl Ray to his Martin Luther King Jr., Bob Uecker to his Babe Ruth. Explains Shaffer: "Salieri had to give way just a bit to make room for the glory and wonder of his victim's achievement."

The result is a grand, sprawling entertainment that incites enthrallment for much of its 2 hr. 38 min. Shaffer's screenplay retains many of the play's epigrammatic fulminations, deftly synopsizes whole sections, transforms Mozart's father from a hectoring apparition to an on-screen tyrant, and provides a thrilling new climax in which the dying Mozart dictates his *Requiem* to a Salieri racked with guilt, jealousy and awe. If the operatic excerpts occasionally impede dramatic flow, they capture the Mozartian spirit as well as comment, with typical Forman bravura, on the theme of an oaf who makes miracles with music: in the *Don Giovanni* parody, a dove flies out of a horse's ass.

For Forman, returning to his native Czechoslovakia for his first film there since 1968, *Amadeus* marks a sure step forward in dramatic and visual storytelling. Defeated by his two previous challenges—turning the Love Generation *Hair* into a Viet Nam elegy and compressing the epic misanthropy of E.L. Doctorow's novel *Ragtime*—the director has come to some sensitive compromises with narrative reality. Mozart sings the music of God, Salieri schemes and screams in tragic register, and the film keeps humming merrily along with them both.

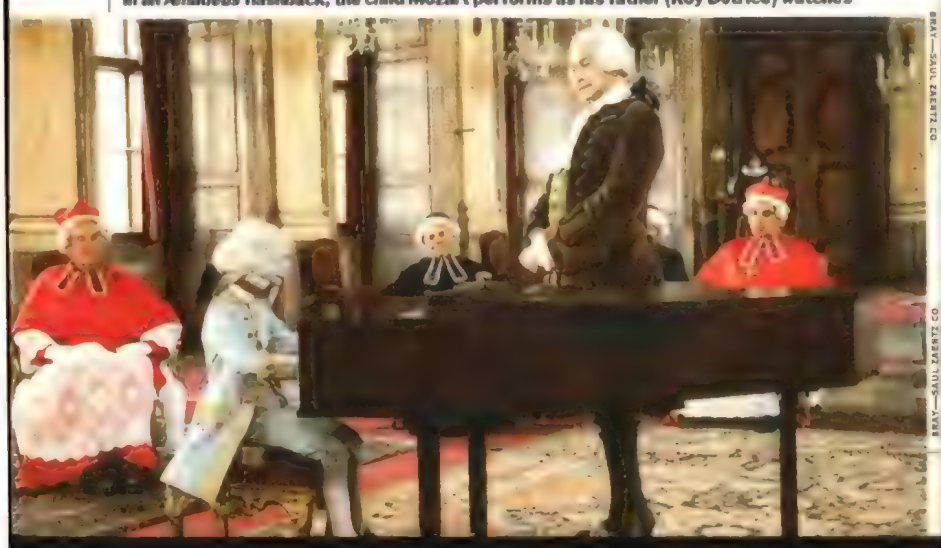
This *Amadeus* dares to pose the riddle of genius in the form of a traditional celebrity bio pic. In 1781 Mozart (Tom Hulce), once the put-upon prodigy of musical Europe, comes at the age of 26 to the Viennese court of Hapsburg Emperor Jo-

HULCE—SAUL ZAENTZ CO

Hulce as a racked, above, and giddy Mozart

BRAY—SAUL ZAENTZ CO

In an *Amadeus* flashback, the child Mozart performs as his father (Roy Dotrice) watches



seph II (played with a sly, thin smile and a delicious air of cagey indecisiveness by Jeffrey Jones). There the man of the moment is Antonio Salieri (F. Murray Abraham): court composer, consummate technician and politician, Emperor's favorite, a musical lion of Vienna. Most important, he knows his place, as an educated servant among masters of the blood and the bureaucracy. Mozart, fatally, does not.

So begins the artistic trajectory of surge, transcendence, decline and early death. Mozart takes a lower-class wife (Elizabeth Berridge, with the puffy, smooth face and black button eyes of a rag doll left in grandma's attic), but befuddles her with his excesses at work and play. He fights with his possessive father (Roy Dotrice) and with the arbiters of art in Joseph's court. He is a slave to fashion and passion. His genius continues to consume him, like a virus he is unable or unwilling to shake; at the first performance of *The Magic Flute* he faints dead away at the piano. Portrait of the artist as a great man: while his wife and father bicker over money in the next room, Mozart slumps over a billiard table, takes a swig of wine and fleshes out *Ah tutti contenti* from *The Marriage of Figaro*, creating music of domestic ecstasy out of the discord of his family life.

KOMAREK—SAUL ZAENTZ CO.

Wolfie and wife (Berridge)

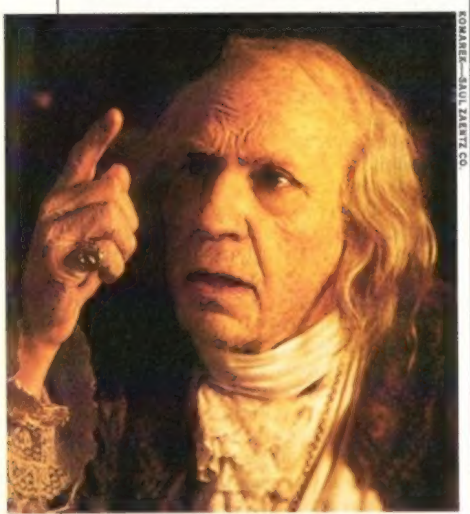
Salieri stands to the side during all this, stage-managing Mozart's downfall, then appearing to the fevered young man in his dead father's disguise and commissioning the *Requiem*. Similarly, the two main actors, chosen from a thousand who auditioned for the roles, must follow different circuits to their roles. Hulce, who may be remembered by movie fans as the prime nerd in National Lampoon's *Animal House*, must stride on-screen as a fop *manqué*, pinwheeling his arrogance, before the audience can find the obsession at the core of his genius. Hulce prepared for the role by practicing piano four hours a day. "After that," he says, "all I felt like doing was dancing and drinking all night—just like Mozart." In a daring, powerful performance, this boy with the map of White Water, Wis., stamped on his face soon convinces the viewer that he is the pagan saint of classical music.

Hulce's Mozart bears the familiar Forman trademark. The director always seems to be telling his actors: Go bigger, dare more, fill the biggest moviehouse with your passion and technique. Abraham's challenge as Salieri was more daunting. He must be all smoldering menace, a dandy in smirking repose—until, one day, he scans some scribbled Mozart sheet music, and tears of astonishment and fury course down his cheeks. Says Abraham, who has played in everything from Shakespeare to *Scarface* to a leotarded leaf in the Fruit of the Loom TV spots: "Salieri is a figure tragic in Greek proportions because he enters into a competition with God." Forman says he chose these two off-Broadway journeymen over stars, or over actors who had performed in the play, because "I wanted to believe that this person *is* Mozart, *is* Salieri, not just an actor playing a part." Believe who will. The fact remains that Hulce and Abraham move assuredly to the center of this glittery production, finding the souls of their characters and then, at the film's climax, exchanging them.

One wonders: Can this galloping metaphysical thriller find an audience? For the vast majority of today's moviegoers, the 18th century is far more remote than the sci-fi 25th; Salieri is a loser from Loserville; and Mozart, he's the guy who wrote *Elvira Madigan*, and his first name is Mostly, isn't it? The film's $18 million budget may be less than is spent on many a teen-pic flop, but it still makes *Amadeus* a ricochet roll of the dice; the film will have to bring in more than $40 million at the box office just to break even.

To mention these commercial risks, though, is to take a Hapsburg Emperor's narrow view of art's bottom line. *Amadeus* may be a popular film for the same reason it is a good one: it paints, in vibrant strokes, an image of the artist as romantic hero. The textbook Mozart, embalmed in immortality, comes raucously alive as a punk rebel, grossing out the Establishment, confuting his chief rival, working himself to death in an effort to put on paper songs no one else can hear. Who among us cannot sympathize, even identify, with such an icon of iconoclasm? In real life we may all be Salieris, but we can respond to a movie that tells us we are really Mozarts. —*By Richard Corliss.*

Reported by Cristina García/New York



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Abraham as the old, above, and young Salieri

Thousands of candles illuminate the wedding scene from *The Marriage of Figaro*

© SAUL ZAENTZ CO.—AMA

Essay

Pietygate: School for Scandal

If it takes a Hinckley to change the insanity laws and a De Lorean to curtail sting operations, then the case of Geraldine Ferraro may turn out to be a first step back from the piety-in-government excursion Americans have been on since Watergate. One day Ms. Ferraro's vice-presidential candidacy, perhaps her political career, hangs in the balance; the next day, after a tough and gutsy public performance—a Checkers for the '80s—she is back in gear, leaving us all to wonder if we hadn't lost our heads for just a moment.

Had we? Ask yourself what exactly she was supposed to have done that had Washington wondering if she could survive on the ticket—and one conservative columnist wryly advising Democrats to start warming up Sargent Shriver in the bullpen?

Not that Geraldine Ferraro is Caesar's wife. There was the illegal campaign loan, the murky Centre Street deal, the questionable exemption from disclosing her husband's finances. But she insists that she thought the loan was legal, that she did not know about the deal, and that no wife could satisfy the disclosure law who did not have a good-government partition in her refrigerator.

As articles of impeachment, the list is not very impressive. In fact, what most placed her in political jeopardy was not anything she did but something she said she would not do—namely, release her husband's tax returns. It was this affront to post-Watergate morality, by which anything left private is taken as presumptive evidence of wrongdoing, that turned the flap into a furor.

Finally, to save herself, she relented and produced a mountain of detail that yielded barely a mound of substance. To what end? What were we looking for? What *are* we looking for when we ask politicians to so bare themselves publicly? If we insist that public life be reserved for those whose personal history is pristine, we are not going to get paragons of virtue running our affairs. We will get the very rich, who contract out the messy things in life; the very dull, who have nothing to hide and nothing to show; and the very devious, expert at covering their tracks and ambitious enough to risk their discovery. This is not to say that our current politics does not attract such characters, only that it still manages to attract others as well. A few more Ferrarogates and that pool will be dry.

We demand leaders who are not mere stewards of the public interest but models of role, fashion and now ethics. We have made of our politicians celebrities. And like rock stars and quarterbacks, they are to be celebrated, imitated and known. Above all, known.

In some way, candidates like Ferraro unwittingly invite this kind of treatment. She did not get to where she is by dint of a cause, ideology or even issue. Ferraro got to where she is because of who she is: daughter of poor immigrants, teacher, lawyer, mother, prosecutor—political assets she is not shy to exploit. She claims these to be the source of her values, and it was these values and those sources that she displayed so prominently in her acceptance speech in San Francisco. They are, in fact, the only discernible theme of her campaign so far. If you run on your person, it is somewhat disingenuous to be surprised when the world then wants to know, in accountant's detail, exactly what kind of person you really are. The personality candidate, at once so well suited to this age of celebrity, is equally vulnerable to its voracious appetites. Still, there are limits. The purpose of the disclosure law that Ferraro was suspected of bending is to prevent conflict of interest. There is no evidence that has occurred. Yet the disclosures made and (at first) refused almost destroyed Ferraro. The ethics laws so enthusiastically enacted post-Watergate, so confidently entrusted with protecting the public weal, can also undermine it. And not surprisingly, since they are based on an illusory faith in the redemptive power of institutional arrangements. Owing to their history, Americans suffer from this touching superstition more than most people. After all, the founding fathers did practically invent the separation of powers to prevent the accumulation of tyrannical power. That lucky stroke has predisposed Americans to believe that if they could only find the right law, the right oversight committee, the right disclosure form, they could compensate institutionally for other failings of the human heart. And produce ethics in Government, for example.

It may now be time to close the -gate. Ten years is a long time for any political fashion, and it is exactly ten years since the resignation of Richard Nixon. In that decade we have had Watergate, Koreagate, Lancegate, Billygate and now Ferrarogate, with Meesegate and Debategate on temporary hold. The chronology yields a list in roughly descending order of importance. We have come a long way. From a President resigning for, among other things, organizing a squad of "plumbers" specializing in break-ins, to a vice-presidential candidate arraigned before the bar of the media to answer questions, among others, about her husband's father's buildings' tenants. American political scandal is in sad decline.

Yet too many people still have a stake in its revival: a Watergate-starved generation of investigative reporters who must make do with imitation enemies lists (USIA), imitation graft (Japanese watches) and now imitation laundering (the Centre Street swap); a public so hungry it will accept fiction, if fact is in short supply (Washington politics has been honored with its own seamy TV soap opera); and some vengeful pols, mostly Republicans who suffered for years through the aftermath of Watergate and delight in the chance to do a little Woodward-Bernsteining themselves, now that they smell a smoking Democratic gun.

In the national interest, therefore, why not radical reform? A truce. Sweep the disclosure forms into the White House shredder. Declare, à la Senator George Aiken, the Battle of Watergate won, withdraw the troops and proclaim a general amnesty. After all, we do it for draft dodgers and deserters after a war. We could even do it the way it is done in banana republics: on the President's birthday.

Expect few takers. A modest version of this idea was broached with a conservative commentator who had gone through the Watergate affair in the White House. "I'll trade you one Ferraro for one Meese and a future draft choice, and then we call off the whole ethics-in-government thing completely."

"Sure," he answered with a smile. "After the election."

—*By Charles Krauthammer*

Illustration for TIME by David Levine

"Those who expect to reap
the blessings of freedom must, like men,
undergo the fatigues of supporting it."

Tom Paine
After the American defeat at the battle of Brandywine—1777

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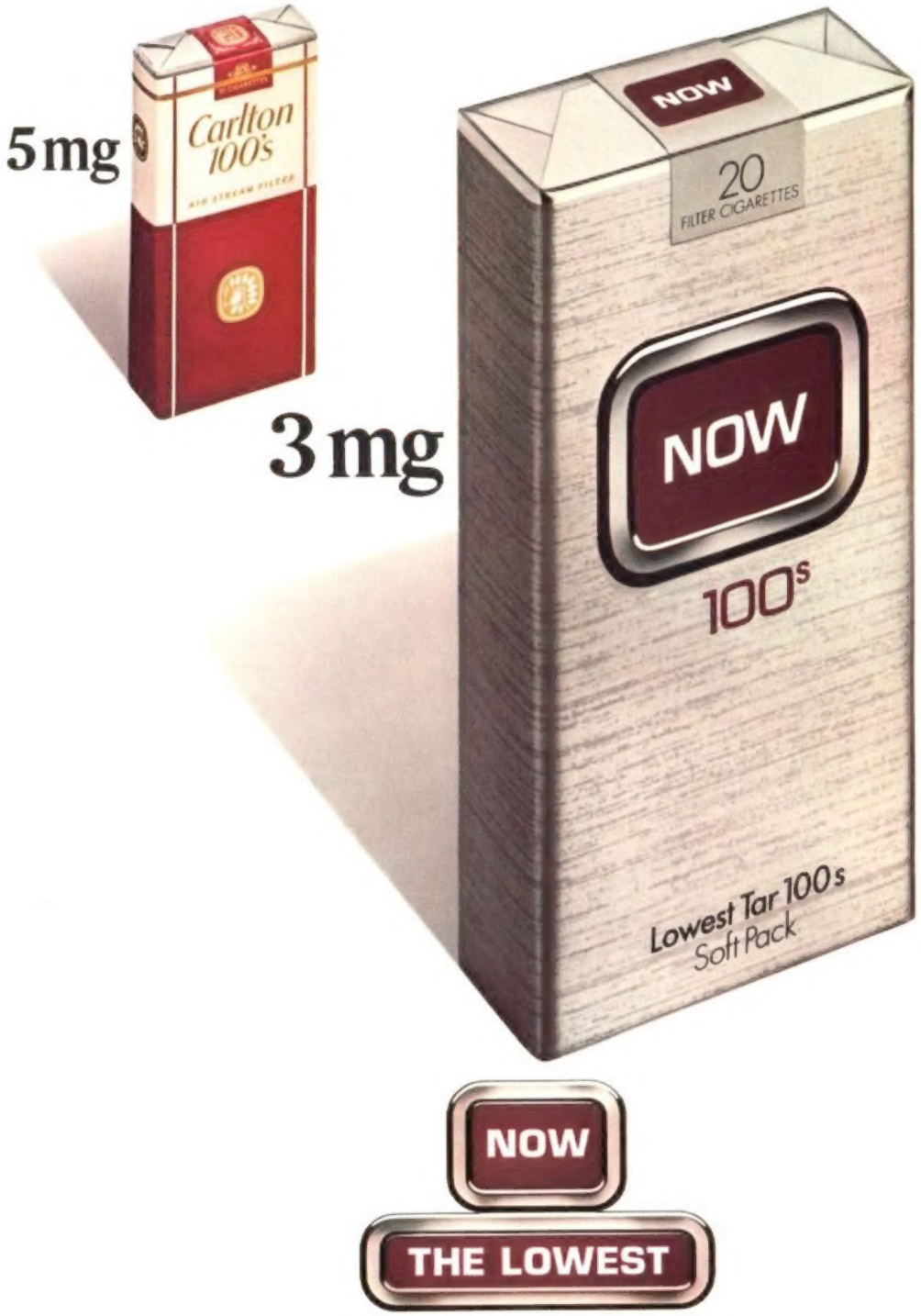

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